

INTERNATIONAL

H&E

SUMMER QUARTERLY

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**HOW OTHER
PEOPLE SEE
NUDISTS**

**NAKED
SNORKELLING
FOR
UNDERWATER
EXCITEMENT**

**DANCING IN
THE NUDE;
SO WHAT IF IT'S
TITILLATING?**

**SPECIAL PULL-OUT
SUPPLEMENT**

**NUDE
GAMES**

**IDEAS
FOR
NATURAL
LIVING**





Health & Efficiency

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST SUMMER QUARTERLY

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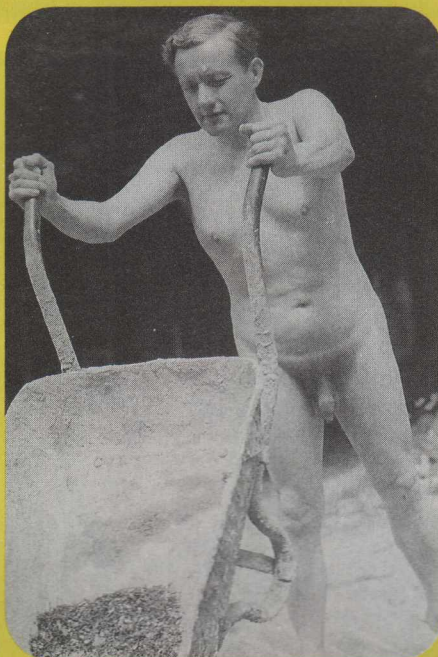
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YOU CAN'T DO THAT NAKED

In this summer issue, we've devoted our pull-out supplement to sports that naturists can and do play. In fact, you can do most things naked, and often better.

At naturist resorts there are, however, some things that people never do naked – and it's just as well. Things that are anti-social, like vandalism, or generally violent behaviour. You do sometimes see people who are loud and boisterous after having drunk too much (Who, me? Never!) – but that is usually in the evenings when people are wearing clothes.

I once witnessed an incident which nearly developed into a fight. I was with some people on a naturist beach trying to find wood to build a bonfire. One person found a long pole stuck in the sand and thought it would burn wonderfully. Suddenly, this enraged naked man charged towards us and demanded that we return it immediately. He spoke in a language which we barely understood (and feigned total ignorance), which infuriated him even more.

As the beach had been deserted previously, I can only imagine he'd been in his bungalow keeping a permanent eye on his pole (which, incidentally, was part of an elaborate windbreak system which he'd construct every morning with sheets and poles). Things got a bit heavy, but eventually tempers subsided. After all, the scene looked absolutely ridiculous, and had fists been throwing, would have looked even more stupid.

I don't know whether naturists are just more decent citizens, or whether it is the fact that they would look so daft being up-to-no-good, in the nude, but it does result in much more pleasant holiday resorts for us all.

Kate Sturdy, Editor

The 86th Year of Continuous Publication

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

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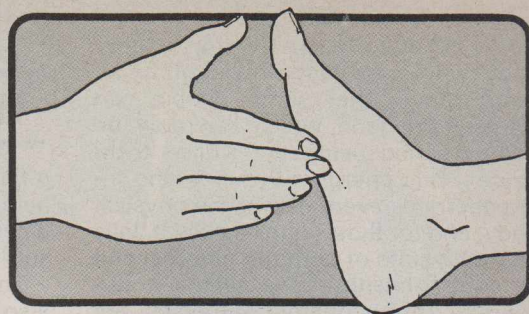
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SECRET FOOTWORK



Can you tell how well you are from feeling your feet? Can squeezing your toes make you better again? According to Elizabeth-Mary Stewart, you can. Whereas the medical profession used to just treat symptoms, now they're beginning to look at the whole person, within the environment. It makes sense really (and it's what the Chinese have been doing successfully for years!).



NINE times out of ten the medical profession uses a sledge-hammer to crack a nut, in the words of the old saw; so that nowadays side-effects are rampant, certain antibiotics have lost their power to help when genuinely needed, and some modern drugs suppress the body's own healing powers! And, often as not, the disease remains despite it all. Can you wonder that gentler remedies create such an interest?

Not *all* doctors are like this. There have always been a few 'radicals' around, thank goodness. Though, generally, there has been little new in their 'radical' treatments. Somewhere, back in history, an ancient culture was doing the same things for the same reasons, a thousand years ago or more.

The holistic approach, not only treats people as 'whole' beings – mind and spirit, as well as body, and deals with all three (you can't suffer disease in one without it rubbing off on the other two) – but also accepts that we are much more 'interconnected' than most doctors would dream of. We are *not* just a framework and organs linked by nerves and blood-flow. There are other – much more subtle – links as well. These are mostly to do with bodily 'energies'.

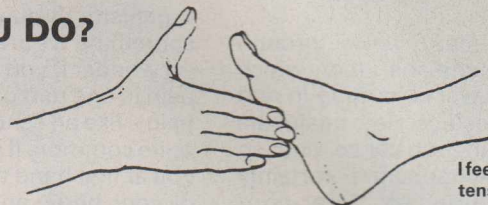
Peoples in older cultures were aware of these. The Egyptians, The Indians, Red Indians, and of course, the Chinese, all used techniques aimed at restoring 'balance' to the body's energy flows (as does modern acupuncture). These were deemed to be blocked or upset in ill-health. But in Western eyes, as these 'energies' could neither be seen nor measured, they couldn't be proved to exist, so they didn't exist! Treatments based upon them, therefore, were considered nonsense.

But with more sophisticated machines becoming available, these bodily energies have been recorded and photographed. Arcane knowledge of mystics and healers – past and present – is being shown to be factual after all. That is a real boost for many 'alternative' therapies. If a premise to do with healing certain of man's ills has been around for hundreds or thousands of years, it will have been based on empirical findings and will undoubtedly be of worth, but it's good to have it proved so.

As these hidden energies play such an important part in our lives, whether we are consciously aware of them or not, a brief look at some may be in order to

HOW DO YOU DO?

Any aches or pains?



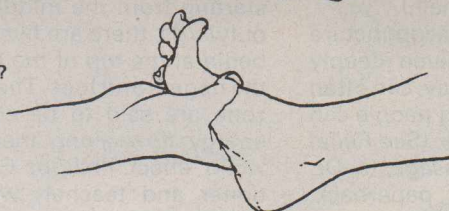
I feel a bit uptight and tense... low in energy...

How do you sleep?



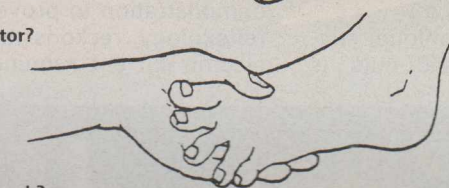
The occasional headache. Sometimes a migraine. And pains in the back and neck.

You've seen a doctor?



I sometimes take a pill... not as well as I'd like.

That hurts in there, eh?

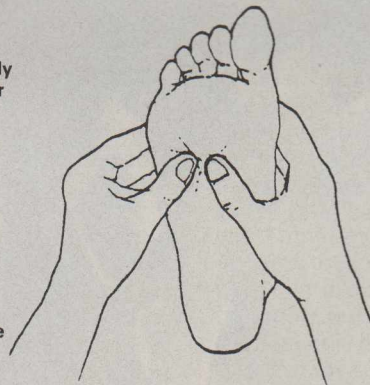


Yes. But they couldn't find anything wrong... ouch!

Well, every point in your body has a corresponding point or reflex in your foot. So as I massage here...

...I'm indirectly stimulating that part of you that's out of balance.

Your neck! As I work here it helps relieve the stored up tension that ends up as crunchy bits... Feeling more relaxed now?



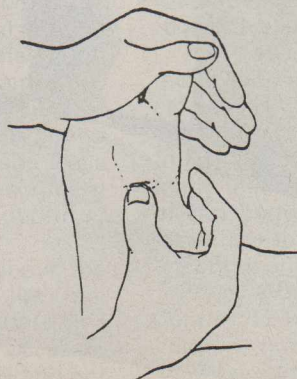
Yes. But it's a good pain.

Ooooooh!

Aaaaaaaah! I find it hard to believe but don't stop... it feels lovely. Ow! What's that under my big toe?

And the rest of you.

That's up to you. But reflexology is a natural way to health releasing tension and stress. You might want to learn how to do it too.



Yes. It's very refreshing. I feel so much lighter. This really takes the weight off your feet.

Could this mean I don't need the sleeping pill?

That would be fun. I'd like that.

Illustrations provided by The Churchill Centre

convince the sceptic.

For example, there is the 'energy body' itself – the 'aura' given off by all living things that some people can actually see (and which can now be photographed using the Kirlian technique). This energy surrounds and interpenetrates every part of the physical body, and for those who can see it, tells them the state of both the physical and emotional health of the person it surrounds. Homoeopathic remedies are reckoned to work as much on the 'energy body' as the physical, as it is held that bringing the *energies* back into balance, will be paralleled in the physical body and improvement in health will follow.

There are also 'energy flows' through the body – the meridians, upon which the acupuncturist works, putting in and 'stimulating the needles. Here again, the aim is to cure an imbalance and so restore health. Acupuncture certainly proves this theme of 'inter-connectedness', as the needles are placed anywhere on the body, from head to foot, and may be far from the outward manifestation of the condition. (Interestingly, there are 26 acupuncture points in the outer ear alone, each linked to a specific part of the body or organ, by a meridian or 'energy channel'.)

Just pressure alone at acupuncture points, so long as it is given deeply enough and in the correct way, can often relieve aches and pains, and people can learn to do it for themselves. (See *Relief From Pain With Finger Massage*, by Dr. Roger Dalet, Hutchinsons paperback. Price £3.50.)

Another such gentle technique, suitable for 'cracking small health nuts', is

'I began to think a visit to the dentist was quite pleasurable by comparison'

reflexology. Here the feet (or hands) are held to represent the whole body, and where pressure at certain points can stimulate the body's own healing forces.

This finger massage technique was also known and practised in ancient times. Reflexologists claim that papyri have come to light proving that the Egyptians were masters of reflexology! If so, they must have been aware of the interconnectedness of the entire bodily organism through energy channels – something we are only just discovering!

I wonder if you have ever experienced pain in one part of the body, and a lesser pain – like an echo – in another part? It is quite common. If so, this should prove to you at first hand the interconnectedness of your body, and that you can't really separate off one bit from another. The interesting fact here, however, is that the 'echo' will invariably be within the same 'zone' as the pain itself. Let me explain...

Reflexologists claim that our bodies are divided into ten lengthwise zones; starting from the middle (or the spine) outwards, there are five each side. They begin at the top of the head and end in the fingers and toes. The reflexes in each zone are said to be connected by an energy flow along them – hence this 'echo' effect. Philippa Graham, a practitioner and teacher, who gave me a demonstration to prove the benefits of reflexology, reckons there is an actual electric current running through each

zone. She may be right.

And the main reason for this particular type of foot massage bettering health, again lies in this energy current. It can so easily become 'blocked', apparently, through illness or accident, etc. and when it is, crystal deposits are said to form at the lowest point of the channel. The massage breaks these up so that the energy can flow freely... thus improving health. 'I liken it to unblocking a drain,' Mrs. Graham told me matter-of-factly. (She even regulated her daughter-in-law's periods by massaging her feet at the requisite points.) And she went on to explain the therapy in more detail.

'The feet are really a map of the body with a slightly different shape,' she told me. 'Putting the two feet together, the inner edges represent the spine, and the top of the toes the head. Everything follows logically from there.'

So, under the big toe comes the pituitary gland; under the smaller toes, the sinuses; the base of the big toe, the neck; the ball of it, the thyroid, and so on, all down the foot/body to the sciatic area under the heel.

The left and right feet cover the different organs as they are situated in the body. The heart, being only on the left side, is dealt with through the left foot, and Mrs. Graham stressed the importance of starting treatments with the right foot to discover if there are any problems with the heart.

How can reflexology find that out, you might ask? A good question! But, having experienced it, I can assure you – if there is anything wrong, the reflex point on the foot will tell you! These can be very tender when pressed. (The first one actually made me yelp!) And after Philippa Graham had discovered by sixth 'blocked point', I began to think a visit to the dentist was quite pleasurable by comparison! (Would-be patients take heart. I wasn't being given a real treatment, only having the validity of the therapy brought home to me. The massage itself is very gentle, especially on a sensitive point.)

Mrs. Graham had not seen me before this meeting, and she knew nothing of my medical history. Yet it was remarkable how every area of my body that had a problem – albeit very minor in some cases – was pin-pointed by the reflexologist's fingers. (Reassuringly, she found nothing wrong with my heart!)

I say the *fingers*, but actually the massage is done with the thumb. To avoid either hurting the feet with the nail (or getting arm ache with so much pressing into the points) it is best done with the thumb bent over at the first joint, and with the *side* of the thumb, rather than the tip. It is easy enough to learn to use this form of massage for oneself, and the most definitive work on the subject is by the late Doreen Bayly. (It is called *Reflexology Today* and suitable



Your feet can indicate a well-balanced healthy being.



This is not the way they practise reflexogy but it feels good.

for both therapists and lay-people alike. A paperback published by Thorsons, its diagrams and photographs are particularly clear and helpful.)

The younger the person, the less pressure will be needed to bring benefit. A baby's feet will be very sensitive, for example, and will need the gentlest of massages; an old person could need really firm pressure to make any impression. (In the Philippines, apparently, whole families have regular get-togethers for foot massaging. A nice idea!)

One important piece of advice is not to overdo it. A couple of minutes at a time on any point is all that is required. It is easy to over-stimulate otherwise. (There is a story of a mother working for too long on her daughter's feet and making the girl incontinent for a time!) For this reason Mrs. Graham does not recommend 'reflexology sandals' – or at least using them with the greatest care.

As the above will have shown, reflexology is a fine diagnostic tool, but the practitioner will not suggest *what* is wrong with a client, only *where* a problem may exist. Sometimes they can pin-point troubles more orthodox techniques have missed. One such case concerned Mrs. Graham's sister-in-law.

She had been having a lot of discomfort but nothing showed up under an X-ray. Mrs. Graham, however, found a definite sensitive area on the foot, suggesting that something was wrong nonetheless, and advised her to go back to the doctor (who was not too pleased, I might add!) A second X-ray, slightly higher up, showed a hiatus hernia!

Though much of the treatment is given on the soles of the feet, the top of the foot and the back of the heel are also linked to other parts of the body and come in for massaging in their turn. The back of the heel, for example, covers the organs of elimination and reproduction. Yet other areas are represented both on the sole and top of the foot. The lymph glands for one. Mrs. Graham pays particular attention to these, because if these are 'blocked', sub-health is bound to follow. She does what she calls 'milking the lymph glands' – a special movement on the points – to get rid of impurities.

It is also useful to know about the 'cross reflexes'. These can be real 'life-savers' at times. To illustrate this Philippa told me about the occasion when she was due to give a talk and got stung by a wasp on her finger. This was painful and started to swell and

threatened to prevent her driving, so she massaged the equivalent toe instead! It worked!

Other cross reflexes include the shoulder and hip, and elbow and knee. This can be worth bearing in mind if a joint is giving pain, but is too tender to massage deeply. Working on another joint in the same zone can often do the trick. This can sometimes apply to any part of a zone, as the following story illustrates: a publican dropped a crate of bottles on her foot, but the abscess that followed was in her *breast*! And Mrs. Graham claims that breast lumps can often be massaged away, using the top of the foot of the same zone.

'All disease is a manifestation of maladjustment somewhere in the intricate working of the body mechanism,' Doreen Bayly wrote in the introduction to *Reflexology Today*. The therapy certainly underlines the 'intricate working' of the body's mechanism and brings home the total 'interconnectedness' of the entire organism.

Pressing on Further, The Churchill Centre, 22 Montagu Street, Marble Arch, London W1H 1TB, tel: 402 9475/262 1458, provide reflexology treatments and training courses.

ARNACOUTCHOT

Go naked on the French Atlantic

I had been about fifteen years since I had experienced the stimulating nakedness uniquely provided by the French Atlantic Ocean at Montalivet. Since then much has changed with the Côte des Landes (the coast between the Gironde Estuary and Archachon) and the Côte d'Argent (the coast south of Archachon down to Cap Breton) now offering the choice of four major seaside naturist resorts, each with its own particular character, but collectively enjoying fabulous sandy beaches and bracing Atlantic breezes.

It was towards the end of September that Julie and I threw our holiday baggage and camping kit into the back of the car and set off southwards. The Townsend Thoresen Portsmouth/Cherbourg ferry took about 4½ hours to sail the distance and enabled us to leave the French ferry port at about 1.00 p.m.

The afternoon's four hour drive was leisurely, down through Avranches, Rennes and Nantes where we had decided to spend the night at the wooded Club Gymnique de l'Ouest located about 10 kilometres West of the City.

It's worth mentioning that I do hold an INF card by being a member of CCBN and this gave us immediate entry to every club on our trip – sadly I forgot to ask how I would have fared in each case

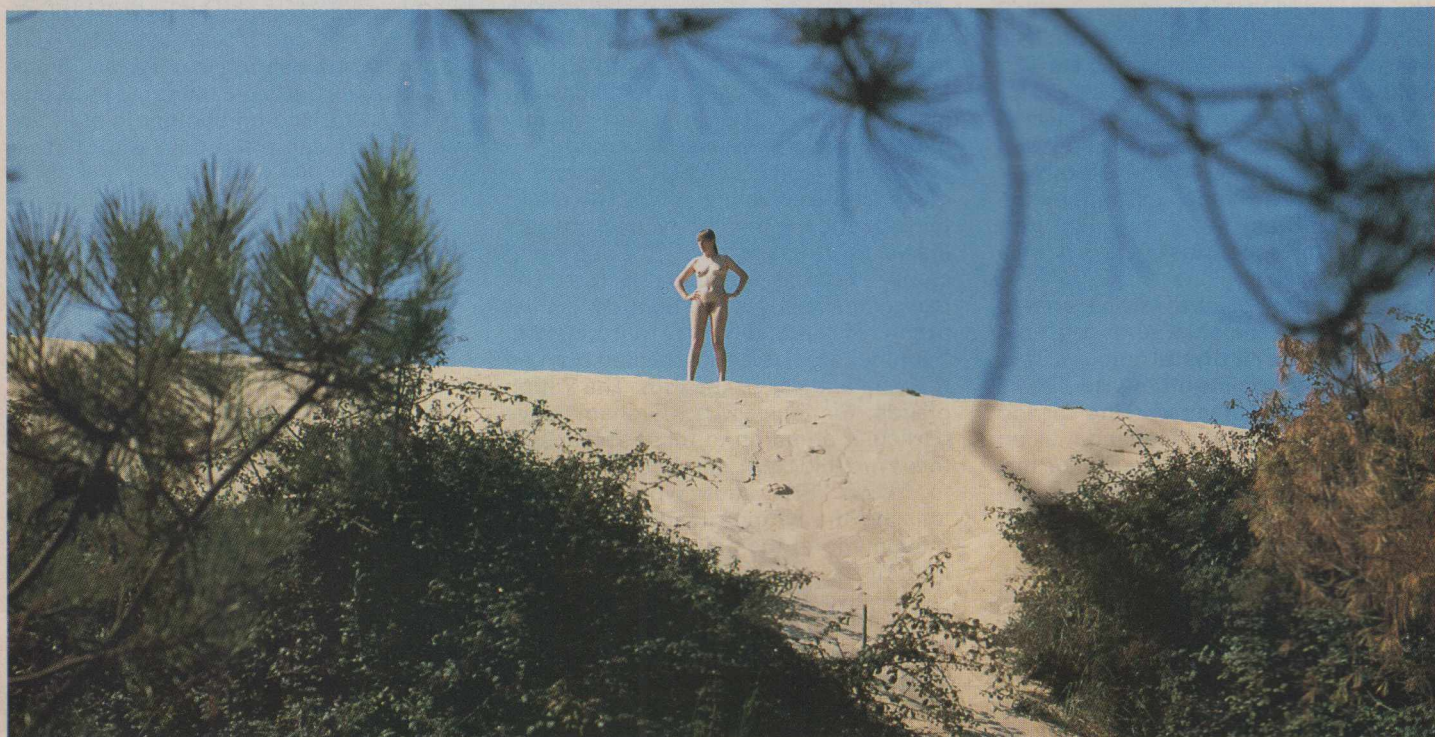
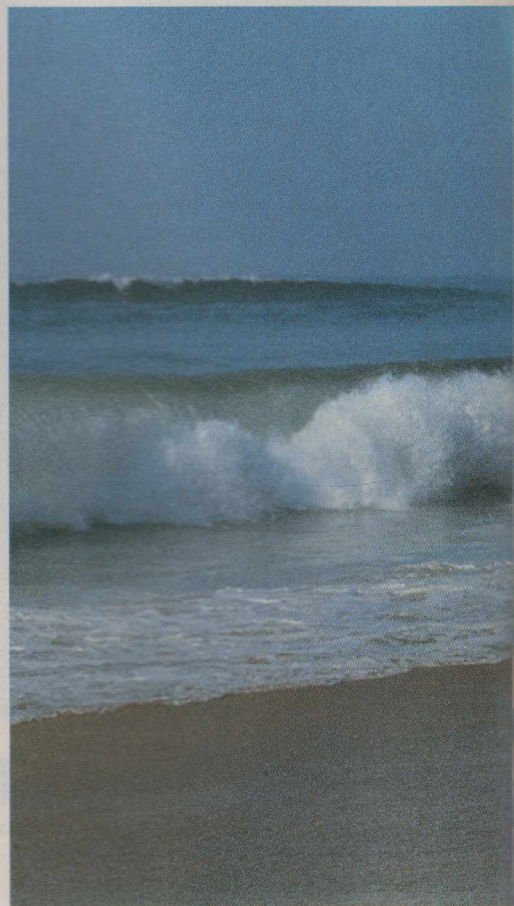
without one.

On another topic – local maps – may I recommend the Michelin 1:200,000 (1 cm = 2 km) series? They are excellent – being the nearest equivalent to our own Ordnance Survey 1:250,000, with plenty of detail and half the cost of the not so detailed or so well produced Recta Foldex Series.

So, using Michelin Sheet No. 67 we followed the D101 West to Pociou before, after another 3 kilometres turning right onto the D81 northwards before finding the Club entrance a couple of kilometres later on the right hand side. Being the end of the season the small club was virtually deserted but it was good to find another place where we were welcome and where the hot showers were hot!

We set off early the following morning to darkening skies on the N137 for La Rochelle. This attractive old sea port town was definitely worth a stop for lunch with mouth-watering choices of numerous sea food restaurants. By the time we were back on the road it was raining steadily but it was only a short run through Rochefort down to Royan for the ferry across the Gironde to Pointe de Grave.

Now the rain was coming down like stair rods but as we were nearing our first destination of Euronat it really



See – you can find virtual solitude here.

Sandy deserted beaches, invigorating tidal waves in a quiet resort with great facilities. Arnaoutchot is not very well known, but Charles Simonds thinks it's a good choice for the naturist who wants to get away from most of it – but not quite all.



didn't seem to matter too much. From Pointe de Grave both Montalivet and Euronat are well signposted – the local Michelin is Sheet 71.

The simplest way is probably through Soulac picking up the D101, after about 4 kilometres turn right onto the D102 towards Montalivet – the entrance to Euronat is after another 4 kilometres on the right. In essence Euronat is a larger (335 hectares) more modern Montalivet (180 hectares) with room for 1,200 camping plots.

The welcome we received was both warm and efficient which is more than could be said for the weather! We found a plot which wasn't difficult at this time of the season, and I came to the conclusion there was only one way to pitch the tent – I stripped naked and took a lengthy shower in the process!

By evening the rain had eased and we

checked out the commercial centre which had every facility. We had a particularly enjoyable and reasonably priced meal in the restaurant before retiring to our soggy tent for the night. The following day it ceased raining and the sun appeared, clothes were dispensed with to be replaced by the stimulating delight of naturism.

It mercifully remained like this for the rest of the holiday by the end of which we were brown and revitalised.

Euronat has often been described in the naturist press and because of its size is, like Agde, well publicised. For this reason, and because it was so much like Montalivet, we decided only to remain a couple of days before continuing south to Arnaoutchot, which is generally not so well known.

Whilst we could easily have done the journey in a day, we split it into two and

spent the night at the municipal (textile) camping site at Archachon. This town was also worth a visit and, like La Rochelle, the seafood was excellent. Just south of Archachon is the massive Dune de Pilat – certainly the biggest sand dune in France, if not anywhere.

A few kilometres further south there is an official naturist beach at Biscarrosse Plage which is worth a visit. (We could have visited Village de la Jenny, which is about 20 km north of Archachon, but there is no tenting here so we decided to give it a miss.)

By now we were on Michelin Sheet 78 and our journey took us down the D218 to Biscarrosse then the D652 through Mimizan.

About 32 km (20 miles) south of Mimizan you reach St. Giron and 4 km later, a turning to the right (D328) with a prominent sign to Arnaoutchot. Follow

the winding D328 through the pine trees for another 4 km and you'll come across the entrance to Arnaoutchot on the right.

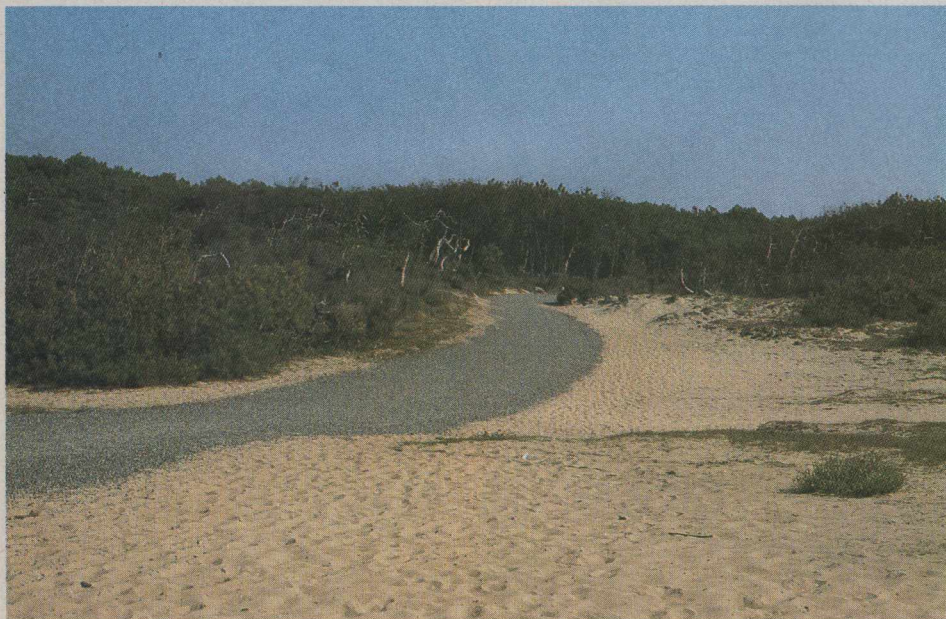
We fell in love with Arnaoutchot immediately. It's much smaller than Jenny/Montalivet/Euronat at about 40 hectares, and is therefore quieter and also seems to have a more friendly intimate atmosphere. The ground is undulating giving more variety than the three larger resorts further north. There is also considerably more wildlife. The place abounds with red squirrels who constantly bombarded the tent with fir cone residue!

The small commercial centre, which surrounds the immaculately kept swimming pool, was closed at this time of the season but we found that Leon, a small village just down the road, had two supermarkets and four restaurants to choose from – the latter with a full range of prices.

We spent the rest of the holiday at Arnaoutchot. The sun shone; we alternately lazed around on the warm sand



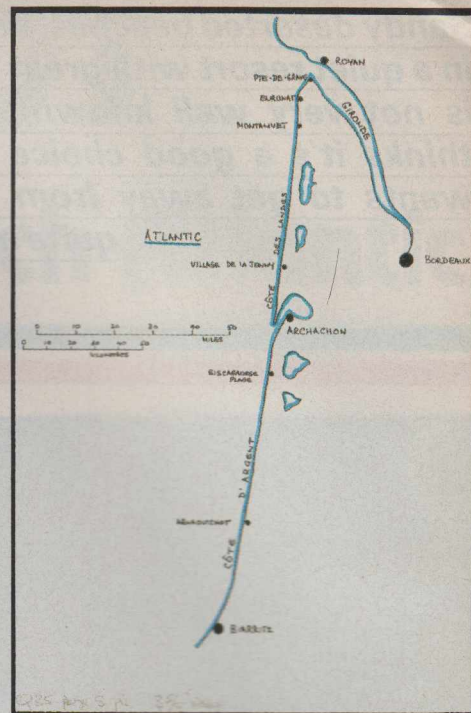
You know you've arrived.



They know it's naturist – but there's no-one around to confirm it.



End of season makes it quiet, but it's a peaceful sort of place anyway.



letting our nakedness soak up the rays or went for long, long walks along the deserted beach and dunes or, when the Atlantic tides allowed it, threw ourselves into the invigorating surf.

It was unsophisticated, uncrowded and unwinding – for us the perfect naturist holiday. Those who enjoy the razzamattazz of Agde would probably not have shared our feelings but then, thank heaven, it takes all sorts.

We ended up paying a total of 37.05 francs a day for our stay and, considering the extent of the facilities with tennis, sauna, heated pool and the clean toilet blocks with hot showers, we reckoned it excellent value.

Of course, we stayed too long which meant routing back towards Bourdeaux and picking up the Autoroute A10 past Saintes, Niort, Poitiers before leaving it at Tours. (You could also manage a naturist night stop at Tours by calling at Le Bois des Forges – a delightful woodland site and nature reserve. Using Michelin Sheet 64 this time take the N152 west along the north bank of the Loire. After about 20 km and just after the town of Cinq-Mars, turn right onto D34. 10 km later and 500 metres before you reach the village of Clere-les-Pins there is a very minor turn to the left with a small sign 'CS de Touraine FFN'. In a couple of kilometres you reach the camp entrance.)

The following day we reached Cherbourg, via Le Mans and Caen, soon after midday having had a perfect naturist holiday. We love visiting new naturist resorts but over the years one or two have become firm favourites to be visited again and again. Arnaoutchot has, we feel, become one of those. Perhaps we'll see you there next year.

If you want to book, which is available for July or August, then write to Arnaoutchot, Centre Naturiste de Vacances et de Loisies, 40560 Vielle-Saint-Girons, France (telephone from UK: 010 33 58 48 52 87).



No clothes, but bags of style!

Naked flesh speaks its own and lovely truth



NAKEDNESS ISN'T EVERYTHING

There are many beautiful aspects about being naked together with others. About ridding yourself of the pretensions of normal life. We may think that if everyone became naturists, all our problems would be solved – but would they? By George Target.



If it doesn't solve all problems, it makes things look so much prettier.

Naturism is a delightful
thing to do – what more
can we expect?



If only everybody would take off all their clothes more often,' said the naked man on the beach, 'then the world would be a better place to live in.'

'Yes,' said his equally naked wife, 'and there'd be a lot fewer shirts to wash.'

It was easy to agree with them.

The sun was high and golden into summer, the breeze gentle and the afternoon warm, and the beach was so long and so wide that it wasn't crowded – despite the several hundred people enjoying the sea and the weather.

So much happy innocence, so much simple pleasure in the freedom from clothes, the warmth on our flesh, the water so exhilarating, the laughter and smiles so friendly. Men and women and children, couples and lovers and singles, all ages and sizes and shapes . . . our common nakedness a matter of trust and blessing, our shared humanity a reminder that we live in one world, and that we must love and get on with one another or die.

For even the High and Mighty are naked under the expensive pomp of their clothes, have to use the loo like the rest of us, and ought not to be allowed to get away with fancy ideas of their own self-importance.

See a General strutting around with a big fur hat plumed in feathers on his head, strips of coloured cloth stuck across his pouting chest, bits of polished metal hanging on here and there . . . and you might just be intimidated enough to obey his murderous orders. But inadequate men who need such finery to impress you merely look silly trying to march about naked. For one fact, a penis bobbles up and down when not jock-strapped into submission – and what sensible person can keep a straight face in the presence of an innocent penis refusing to behave as pompously as its owner?

Watch a Bishop processing down the aisle with richly embroidered cloth-of-gold vestments on his back, a jewelled mitre on his head, a silver crook in his hand, lace at his wrists, rings on his fingers . . . and you might just believe that it all had something to do with God. Except that Jesus Christ was born naked in a stable, died naked on the Cross, and commanded Christians not to be bothered over such tawdry treasures of this earth, but rather to enjoy its free and simple pleasures more abundantly.

Or look at a Judge decked in scarlet, wearing his wig of curled



horse-hair, long robes of silk, buckles of silver on his shoes . . . all to persuade us that impartial Justice is at work, and not an old man with skinny shanks and a whisky-drinker's nose.

No, such uniforms and disguises and fancy-dresses are designed and tailored to tell lies, while the naked flesh speaks its own more lovely truth.

When fully clothed you can act with all of man's inhumanity to man . . . but all you can naturally do when naked is have a bath or shower, make love in breathless glory, enjoy or give a massage, play games, share the weather with your family and friends . . . swim, lark about, be human all over at once.

And yet it must also be admitted that nakedness isn't the answer to every social problem.

True, some enthusiastic naturists claim that it's the key to the kingdom to come . . .

And, yes, more of it would do a lot to reduce sexual tension, reduce ignorance and curiosity about what other people's

bodies look like . . . but your own personal decision to undress won't do much for the unemployment figures.

Yes, it would promote health and general well-being, make people more aware of themselves and less self-conscious, convince them that mere fashion is no guide to beauty, that a smile is more important than the size of your penis or the shape of your breasts . . . but it won't control the rate of inflation, won't regulate the balance of payments, won't lower taxes.

Yes, it would teach people to be less shy, more natural and self-confident, and would certainly make for easier relationships – you won't find much snobbishness on a naturist beach . . . for what's the difference between a naked woman and a naked lady? A naked man and a naked lord? But your nakedness will never prevent American and Russian 'Leaders' stock-piling nuclear-weapons.

In other words, taking off your



At least we can change a few yards of our world.



clothes is a delightful thing to do, with all sorts of pleasures and benefits on the side . . . but to change the world you also need to be a loving and caring person, with an interest in everybody else, and a passion for truth.

Yet you can help to change the world by changing your own few square yards of it . . . and there aren't many better ways to begin than by trying the honesty of nakedness.

But we can dream, can't we?

Just imagine: suppose . . . suppose that by some happy miracle the entire membership of the House of Commons suddenly found itself trouserless and knickerless . . . what a gale of human laughter would sweeten the present bile of its bad manners and worse behaviour! And who could take so many sagging pot-bellies quite so solemnly?

And if 'our' Political Masters had to sit around a swimming-pool with their wives and children when discussing the fate of the world, all of them naked, all of them licking icecream . . . well, what a safe and happy future we'd all face!

No, agreed, nakedness isn't everything . . . but there's certainly a lot less dirty washing to be done!

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SWEET REFINEMENTS

LET'S look at saccharin first. This artificial sweetener, with no calories, has been around the longest. First discovered in 1879, it was used initially as an antiseptic and as a food preservative. Soon diabetics were using it. However, the canning industry showed no strong interest until around 1907 — the same year that President Theodore Roosevelt voiced this irate reaction to warnings about its use in canned foods: 'You tell me that saccharin is injurious to health? My doctor gives it to me every day; anybody who says saccharin is injurious to health is an idiot.'

Some American doctors felt that artificial sweeteners like saccharin offered no food value, and were mainly used by the industry as they were cheaper than sugar.

Saccharin dominated the artificial sweetener market for more than 60 years but was supplanted by cyclamate in the 1950s and 1960s. Cyclamate, also noncaloric, was used widely in canned fruits, chewing gum, toothpastes, and mouthwashes as well as in other foods. Its use boomed with the diet soda craze that began in the early 1960s. As a table-top sweetener, it was marketed under the trade name 'Sucaryl', and was promoted for obese persons with diabetes. Sucaryl actually was a mixture of 10 parts cyclamate and 1 part saccharin. The latter is much sweeter but cyclamate cut the bitter after taste of saccharin.

All this halted when questions over the safety and cancer-causing potential of cyclamate surfaced, and was banned in USA in 1970. The artificial sweetener market was again saccharin's. Aspartame — a synthetic compound that has the same food value of four calories to the gram as sugar but which is substantially sweeter — was approved in 1974. However, the agency was compelled to withdraw approval of aspartame when questions were raised about its safety and the validity of the animal test data submitted. In July 1981, the Agency again approved aspartame, thereby once again making a choice of sweeteners available to the public.

Here is some further background on the tangled histories of these three compounds:

Saccharin

Today, an estimated 50 to 70 million Americans are considered fairly regular consumers of saccharin, including one-third of the Nation's children under the

age of 10, according to a 1978 report.

Dieters, diabetics, and diet soda drinkers make up a substantial portion of those consumers. It has been estimated that 6 million pounds of saccharin are consumed annually, about three quarters in soft drinks. The next major use is as a table top sweetener. Last year it was estimated that there was a \$2 billion annual market for saccharin.

Made from petroleum materials, saccharin is a product of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company, the sole US producer. More than 2 million pounds is imported annually, mainly from Japan and Korea.

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) proposed banning most uses of saccharin in 1977 when various studies showed that the chemical caused bladder tumours in rats. However, the public protest was so strong — FDA alone received 100,000 public comments, mostly opposing any ban — that Congress, in November 1977, imposed an 18-month moratorium against any action. The moratorium was extended to June 30, 1981, and most recently to 1983.

What is often a puzzle to the general public is how a product such as saccharin, with a history of more than 100 years of use, can be deemed a hazard to public health. But any new food additive had to be proved to be non-cancerous for people or animals.

Although concern over the safety of saccharin was growing, as late as 1974 a committee was reporting that the available scientific data had 'not established conclusively whether saccharin is or is not carcinogenic when administered orally to animals'.

Despite that position, two studies did raise some troubling questions. In both tests, male and female rats were fed a diet of saccharin from the time of weaning. The offspring of these rats, from the time of pregnancy, to growth and death, also were given saccharin diets. The incidence of bladder tumours was considered significant in both tests. But, was saccharin the culprit or was some impurity in it responsible?

Another study concluded in early 1977 that neither the impurity OTS nor bladder parasites, nor bladder stones were causing the cancer in tested animals. The carcinogen responsible, the study showed, was *Saccharin*. The study was reviewed by scientific experts in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Europe. Soon afterward, FDA re-



ported in the Federal Register: 'The findings indicate unequivocally that saccharin cause bladder cancer in test animals.'

Despite public protests as clamorous as those in the United States, Canada banned all uses of saccharin except as a table-top sweetener to be sold only in pharmacies, and then only with a warning label.

With the Canadian study now confirming the two earlier studies, FDA announced its intention to prohibit the use of saccharin in foods, and in 1977, the Agency published its proposal to revoke the interim food additive regulation that allowed saccharin's use in

As soon as we heard that sugar helped to make us fat and did us no good we turned to artificial substitutes. They were a big money spinner, but the aftertaste was not so sweet. Perhaps they were harmful? If so, what could we have as a replacement? By Charles O'Dooley.



If you can't give up beer and kebabs, perhaps you can give up sugar?

foods, beverages, and cosmetics and in most drugs. The Agency said it was prepared to allow sale of saccharin as an over-the-counter drug (in form of a table-top sweetener) if its value to diabetics and obese persons could be established. The ensuing public outcry led to Congress' passage of the Saccharin Study and Labeling Act in November of that year.

The law, however, did insist on warning labels on foods containing saccharin and for the display of warning signs in establishments selling products with saccharin.

The next report, in 1978, concluded that saccharin was a carcinogen in

animals, although of low potency; that it was a potential cancer-causing agent in humans; that the impurities in saccharin were not the carcinogenic agents; that saccharin seemed to promote the cancer-causing effects of other carcinogenic agents.

A 1979 report called for an overhaul of the entire food safety law — changes that could give FDA a range of options in regulating substances like saccharin.

Three studies released in 1980 led to further conclusions and some varying interpretations on the risks posed by saccharin. One study that involved 9,000 people found no added risk to the study population as a whole from artificial

sweeteners but a possible risk to some subgroups: heavy users of artificial sweeteners, especially those who consumed diet sodas and sugar substitutes, and heavy smokers who also were heavy users of artificial sweeteners. Women who consumed sugar substitutes or diet beverages at least twice a day had 60% greater risk of bladder cancer than women who never used them.

These studies, however, also have their limitations. They are not always sensitive enough to make accurate estimates of risks to humans and, unless large enough numbers of people are involved, measuring risk is especially

difficult in evaluating the effects of substances such as saccharin that are viewed as weak carcinogens.

Cyclamate

Discovered by accident in 1937 by a University of Illinois chemist, cyclamate dominated the artificial sweetener market for nearly 20 years until the Food and Drug Administration banned it from foods, beverages, and drugs in 1970. The sweetener at one time was so widely used that sales totalled a billion dollars a year and consumption ran as high as 18 million pounds a year.

Its sponsor, Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Ill. USA, came back to FDA with a new petition in 1973, seeking permission for cyclamate as a sweetener in foods for special dietary use and for specific technological purposes. The petition included more than 400 toxicological reports with assessments on its carcinogenicity, mutagenicity (causing genetic damage), and effect on metabolism. All the material was obtained after 1970.

In March 1976, the FDA received a National Cancer Institute report that said that Abbott's evidence did not establish or refute the cancer-causing potential of

cyclamate. FDA concurred and informed the company that its evidence did not demonstrate 'to a reasonable certainty' that cyclamate was safe for human consumption.

Here again was a situation where, under law, the burden of proving safety was the company's responsibility, not the Agency's. Abbott pursued its case at hearings before Federal Courts, and its fate was not resolved until September 4, 1980, when former FDA Commissioner Jere E. Goyan issued the final decision denying the 7-year-old petition. In brief, FDA took the position that the safety of cyclamate had not been demonstrated, that it had not been shown that cyclamate would not cause cancer and would not cause inheritable genetic damage. Goyan's decision reaffirmed the earlier rulings of an administrative law judge who had conducted hearings.

Aspartame

Three years after the cyclamate ban, G. D. Searle & Co. petitioned the Food and Drug Administration to approve aspartame's use as a sweetener for table use; as a tablet for hot beverages, for use in cold cereals; as a dry base sweetener for powdered beverages,

instant coffee and tea, gelatins, puddings, fillings, and dessert toppings; and as a flavoring agent in chewing gum.

Aspartame also has the same food value (four calories to the gram) as regular sugar, so its main appeal to calorie-conscious persons lies in the fact that it is about 180 times sweeter than ordinary table sugar. A teaspoon of sugar as 18 calories; aspartame would provide only one-tenth of a calorie for the same amount of sweetness in a teaspoon of sugar. Saccharin, however, is 10 times sweeter than aspartame, but one of aspartame's appeals is that it has no bitter after-taste.

Before aspartame was marketed, it needed clearance. There were some doubts about it. At issue was whether aspartame, either alone or together with glutamate, posed a risk of contributing to mental retardation, brain damage, or to causing undesirable effects on the hormone-nerve systems, and whether the sweetener might cause brain (tumours) in rats.

There was agreement among all the parties involved to conduct a formal hearing before a scientific board of inquiry, which would then make a

There's many a
sweet-toothed naturist.





We try to eat healthily but sometimes it just gets too much.

recommendation to the FDA commissioner on whether to approve or disapprove aspartame. But before the board could convene, another problem arose. Questions were raised about the authenticity of certain animal studies conducted for Searle, and FDA wanted to resolve this issue before proceeding with the hearing. The company agreed to fund an independent review of the aspartame data by an outside group of pathologists.

Their report was submitted to FDA in December 1978, and concluded that the data were in fact authentic. The agency then went ahead with its board of inquiry. The three university scientists on the board concluded that the evidence did not support the charge that aspartame might kill clusters of brain cells. But the panel recommended that approval be withheld until further, long-term animal tests could be conducted to rule out a possibility that aspartame might cause brain tumours.

On July 15, 1981, the new Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Arthur Hull Hayes Jr., announced the approval of aspartame. He based his approval on the board's findings, recommendations by FDA's Bureau of Foods, and the independent review of Searle's data. Dr. Hayes found the product to be safe at expected levels of consumption, as well as at the highest conceivable levels. The approval of aspartame opened a new chapter in the continuing saga of artificial sweeteners.



NAKED DANCING-

Is it just a Big Tease?

PITY the poor stripper! Nobody loves her . . . to men, she's the ultimate in tease – the woman who arouses emotions she has no intention of satisfying. To women, she's contemptible – for what decent woman can stoop to make a living by taking off all her clothes to please a collection of dirty old men? She can't even get a job through the usual channels – for Jobcentres will not accept notice of vacancies for what are politely called 'exotic dancers.'

Striptease itself fares no better. The epithets fly thick and fast. It is indecent. It is obscene. It defiles the image of pure womanhood. It degrades the performer and turns her into a sex-object. It encourages male fantasies and intensifies the desire to masturbate. And the naturist Establishment in Britain will ponderously deplore 'the exploitation of nudity for gain.' (Which is said to be contrary to the true spirit of naturism.)

It has to be admitted, let's face it, that striptease doesn't present the human being at his most endearing. The sleazy underground strip-joints of Soho, where lackadaisical performers wave their G-strings in the faces of elderly raincoated voyeurs . . . the rough-and-tumble of a Northern working-man's club, where bored housewives take their clothes off to the accompaniment of shouts of 'Get your tits out, slag!' . . . the dreadful scenes in dingy pubs where screaming half-drunken women shout obscenities at some shy young male stripper in the hope of seeing his penis . . . these are not aspects of the social scene of which the British can be proud.

Give a dog a bad name. . . .

For striptease isn't always sordid. In fact, these regrettable scenes aren't even typical. . . .

There are aspects of strip which are good, inspiring – even noble – and which carry a salutary message for all British naturists. Thus, some critics assert that striptease is inherently beautiful.

There is a school of thought that considers it to be an art-form in its own right – which needs no special pleading on its behalf. Its most convincing manifestation is seen in the erotic dance, which celebrates with total abandonment the beauty and glory of uninhibited sexual love. And when the stripper contemptuously tears off her G-string and flings it into the outer darkness, she

symbolises her rejection of the evil doctrine that one part of the body must, by convention, be kept shrouded in perpetual darkness – an object of pity, of guilt and shame. Here are sentiments with which no dedicated naturist could possibly disagree!

In fact, it's not difficult to find examples of striptease in classical art. Donatello, in one little statue, immortalised the Dionysiac dance of ancient Greece, in which men wore 'Phrygian'

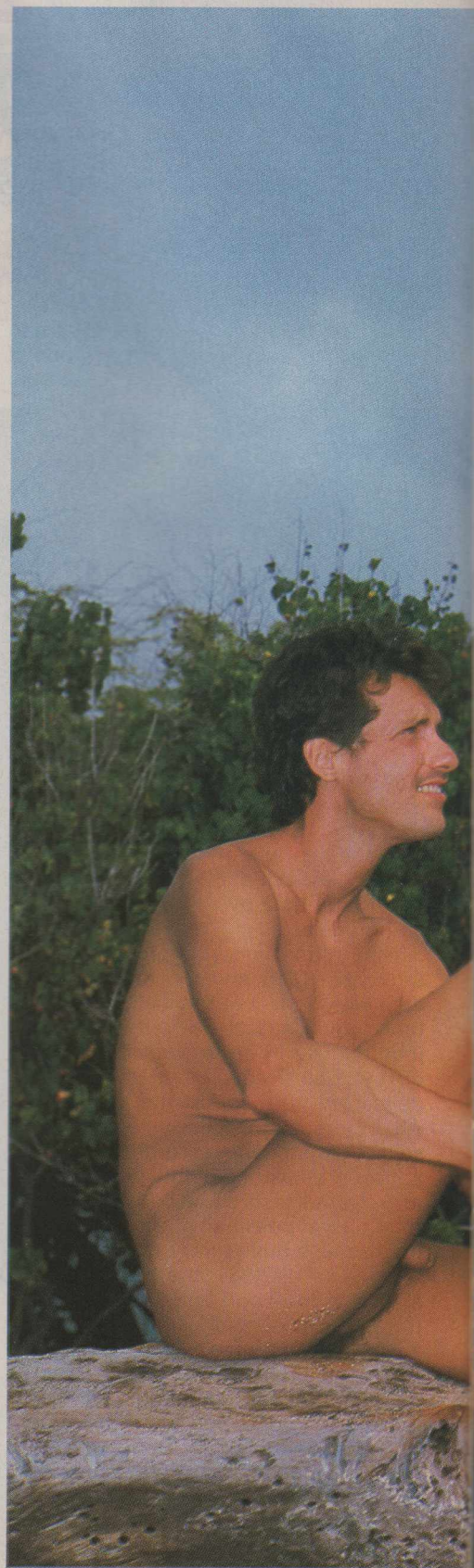
**'Where a civilised man can take
a civilised woman for an evening
of civilised erotic stimulation.'**

breeches deliberately left open at the fly – so that their sexual equipment could be generally admired.

The Old Masters of the Renaissance were no strangers to strip – if Tintoretto's irresistible portrait modestly entitled 'Lady Revealing her Bosom' is to be believed. (This is a picture of a lady of undoubted patrician upbringing, lavishly adorned with expensive jewellery: the deep décolletage of her blue robe is being carefully drawn apart in order to show to the world two delicious little pink nipples.) The great French sculptor Auguste Rodin loved to watch girls undressing: his models were required to do just that while he sketched them – sketches which were destined to be transformed into imperishable examples of the sculptor's art. And in America (where else?) there are 'academies' where girls are taught how to undress gracefully. Indeed, the Greeks had a word for it – 'Ecdysiasm' – the art of stripping.

In Britain the legitimate theatre watched with growing concern the increasing degradation of strip: and it was largely in order to rescue the art from its sordid environment that Paul Raymond, leading exponent of nude shows, founded the first of the 'little theatres' designed specifically for patrons of stage nudity.

Here the theatre-goer will notice a proper stage, with constantly changing scenery and a battery of lighting effects. The shows are properly choreographed, with fully-trained male and female dancers (some with international reputations): and a great deal of money is spent on the many elaborate costumes



What's wrong with striptease anyway? Is it wrong to be titillated? And why do so many naturist clubs expect members to turn up for their dances and parties fully dressed? Why are strippers regarded as being so cheap? They've been around for hundreds of years – but then again, they used to call it Art! By Norman Tillett.





required in a single production. The acts are well-polished routines and the term 'strip-tease' gives way to the more accurate 'erotic entertainment'.

In these surroundings, men rapidly lose the sense of guilt which envelopes them on their clandestine forays into the underworld of Soho: in fact, they are known to bring their wives or girl-friends with them – so that these appealing productions are well on their way to becoming a normal family entertainment.

The 'little theatres', of course, are unashamedly designed for the glorification of the nude male and female form: a function which they perform with grace and distinction. The words of Kenneth Tynan, creator of *Oh Calcutta*, are very apt: they are places, he says, where a civilised man can take a civilised woman for an evening of civilised erotic stimulation. Is this not mere titillation? Of course it is; and why not? In Tynan's view, to titillate well is to give the fullest, most delicate, of sensual pleasures.

Amongst individual performances, the celebrated 'fan dance' still leads in the popularity stakes. Fan-dancing was introduced to Britain by Sally Rand, a talented American who must have given hundreds of performances. In the fan dance, a girl dances nude behind a screen of giant revolving ostrich feathers which effectively conceal her from neck to knee. The body may be hinted at, but it must not be revealed until the termination of the act, when the feathers are lowered to the ground and the dancer is magically transformed into the semblance of a nude statue. Prudish critics tend to denounce fan-dancing as crude and suggestive: the trouble is, of course, that it is undeniably beautiful. There is a genuine aesthetic pleasure in the vision of many-coloured plumes waving back and forth in front of the dancer's naked body. The final revelation, as the fans flutter to the boards, can fairly be likened to the gentle folding of a colourful butterfly's wings. If the performer were fully clothed, the praise of the critics would surely be unstinted: it's a shame if they find the nudity disturbing! Luckily, the theatre-going public thinks otherwise.

At one time the 'apache' dance, in which a man forcibly undresses his

female partner against her will, was tremendously popular. It was banned in the London area for many years on account of its blatant sadistic overtones, and many viewers find the simulated violence distasteful. But a more subdued version in which the two performers gradually undress each other until they are both naked is pleasant and generally acceptable.

'Let the youthful acrobat discard her scanty costume and perform naked.'

Acrobatic dancing, too, is not to everyone's taste: indeed, the spectacle of a leotard-clad young woman tying her arms and legs into knots can be regarded as a grotesque misuse of the human body. But – let the youthful acrobat discard her scanty costume and perform naked – and the impact on the eye is altogether different! The weaving limbs of the dancer seem to achieve a miraculous harmony with the lines of her slender young body; – which is enhanced by the unabashed revelation of the loveliness between her thighs. Despite the apparent contortions, acrobatic dancing can be a delight.

But it is in the elaborate set-pieces that

erotic dancing really comes into its own. Of course there's nothing new about extravagant stage settings for the glorification of the female body: the Folies-Bergere in Paris built its worldwide reputation on just such splendid spectacles! Nevertheless the comparisons are not entirely accurate. At the Folies-Bergere the act of undressing is unobtrusive; and, contrary to popular belief, the Folies girls rarely dance completely nude – their celebrated 'caches-sexe' being supposed to provide adequate covering. In 1971 those gorgeous Bluebell Girls (who were frequent performers at the Folies-Bergere) went topless for the first time: bottomless, however, they were not. . . .

At the 'little theatres', girls appear in provocative costumes not dissimilar to the scanty trifles worn by respectable Latin-American contestants at the BBC's 'Come Dancing'; or else they don (albeit only temporarily) splendid garments fashioned on historical or exotic themes. Often the costumes are deliberately made provocative: a breast may be delicately exposed, a nipple emphasised: a skirt will be artfully slit in front so as to reveal the wearer's genital area. (In these circumstances, the pubic hair comes into its own, and plays its rightful role as a pleasing and decorative feature of the feminine landscape.)

Consider, for instance, a routine based on an Andalusian folk-dance. There are two principal dancers amid a bevy of topless girls. The ballerina wears a short jacket open in front to reveal her breasts, and, below her navel, layer upon layer of voluminous flounced skirt descends to the boards. Her male partner wears a Spanish-style cape flung carelessly over his shoulder. Nothing else. As the performance proceeds in mounting excitement to the sounds of languorous folk-music, skirts tumble in successive waves until everybody on stage is naked. Then follows a thrilling 'pas-de-deux' performed with passionate intensity by the two principal stars of the show: their erotic gestures leave little to the imagination. On any showing – a memorable experience!

The seal of public approval of nude dancing was surely set in 1970 by the performance in London of Tetley's ballet 'Mutations.' In this dance four young men and one girl danced totally naked for seven minutes in full spotlight: their

A joyful dance to the Sun God? Or should this sort of thing be banned?



lovely young bodies were a veritable feast to the discerning eye. The critics were silenced. One of them, Alexander Bland, wrote with disarming candour,

'Nudity is used in this ballet as a stimulating but serious ingredient, which completely justifies itself artistically. I found the spectacle of those lovely nude bodies exciting . . .'

Now, all this may seem a far cry from the sedate activities of the average British sun club. But it's worth remembering that the pioneers of nudism in Europe regarded dancing as an essential feature of nudity in the sunshine. At Paul Zimmermann's Freilichtspark (the first truly nudist site in history) German folk-dances were regularly performed and everybody was expected to take part. In Berlin, Adolf Koch ran dancing-classes for naked students of both sexes.

What happened to naturist dancing?

Today, British sun clubs are only too ready to supply details of their 'amenities' to prospective members – in fact, they are quite lyrical, sometimes, about the delights of pool, table-tennis, miniten, volley-ball and so on. But dancing? Never (or hardly ever).

Month after month, the naturist magazines tempt their readers to submit photographs of themselves and their families. Happy family snaps arrive in profusion: they are seen enjoying plenty of harmless pursuits amongst themselves. Do they ever dance? Evidently not. . . .

Strangest of all is the total absence of nude dancing from the illustrations in naturist periodicals. Over a period of a year, or a couple of years, hundreds of charming photographs of naked men, women and children depict them enjoying all sorts of activities at clubs, on beaches, in forest clearings. But they never dance. The avid reader will be hard put to it to discover a single picture of dancers of either sex in a naturist

magazine extending over a lengthy period.

Why this lapse? What, in Heaven's name, is *wrong* with nude dancing?

Well, there are several possible answers. Maybe it's a hangover from the early days of the sun clubs, when at all costs British naturism had to maintain a 'respectable' image. If nude dancing were permitted (so runs the argument), the great British public would leap to the conclusion that the clubs were hotbeds of depravity where the most frightful orgies could be expected to occur. Thus . . . dancing is banned.

Or is it, perhaps, the fear that, with close physical contact, a male dancer might be visibly aroused? Experience suggests that this is very unlikely to happen (and if it did, what on earth does it matter?)

'Perhaps the ban on dancing derives from a fear of touching another naked person?'

Perhaps the ban on dancing derives from a curious fear, common to naturists, of touching another naked person. Paul Ableman, reporting on his visit to Cap d'Agde in his book *Anatomy of Nakedness*, comments on this remarkable phenomenon:

'Even fleeting physical contact, in the ordinary course of daily life, is avoided. This in a crowded supermarket, for example, with people stooping everywhere to pluck tins from low

shelves, takes a bit of doing. A speeded-up film of naturists doing their shopping would reveal a series of deft, if unconscious, avoidance manoeuvres. In a whole week I never so much as brushed against another person. All this exquisite weaving may be necessary to prevent the perpetual outbreak of overt physical eroticism, but it can hardly be considered natural . . .'

'It can hardly be considered natural' . . . In fact, it's highly *unnatural* – an indictment of those naturists who practice it – on purpose. . . .

For truly, mutual touching is fundamental. It's essential to human happiness. Naturists, of all people, should be the first to recognise the joy of touch! And if, in the process of dancing, they come into close physical contact with a naked partner – well, that's all to the good! In the dark winter days when sunbathing is out of the question, the clubs frequently arrange modest little entertainments for themselves where dancing is acceptable. Yet, on these occasions, they dance with their clothes on. . . .

However, there's now a glimmer of light on the dark horizon. New social clubs for 'liberated couples' are being organised. They are not overtly naturist, but undressing is generally accepted, and they arrange special functions for naturist-minded members. 'Wednesday night is naturist night!' And nobody minds if they indulge in a little harmless dancing with nothing on.

And now, the stripper must have the last word. In 1982, at a well-known French naturist resort, a cabaret show was staged for the entertainment of nude holiday-makers from all over Europe. One of the sketches was performed by a professional stripper. Her act was greeted with delighted applause. Which goes to show . . . what? That naturists, in common with all others, enjoy watching a pretty girl taking off all her clothes? And why not?

After all, nude dancing is *fun*. Why not try it for yourself?



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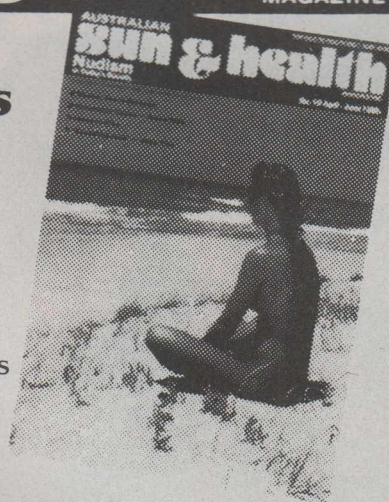
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NAKED ENTERPRISE IN HUNGARY

Naturists don't automatically think of the Eastern bloc countries when planning their holidays. But they often have very good summers, and a very warm welcome. It's also very different, so you can expect an adventure. Of all the countries behind the Iron Curtain, Hungary has the most organized naturism. Leif Heilberg made the journey, took the pictures and now writes the story...



HUNGARY is the most liberal country of all those situated behind the Iron Curtain.

It is the least oppressed Communist state, the one with a fair degree of freedom – relatively speaking, of course – and the one with enough economic progress through the complement of small-capitalism that supplements the inefficient state-bureaucratic industry. A new system has taken over from the stultifying orthodox Soviet methods of planned production. Hungarians, like the Poles, love to live and let live, love the good life, love wine, women and song as the saying goes, and do, indeed, have excellent Tokay (and other) wines, gorgeous women of bountiful proportions, and fine music which, of course, is known for its influence from Gypsy violins.

They have eminently edible food of exquisite taste in a great variety of cuisines, enough to satisfy any palate however discriminating, whether fish, meat, vegetables, or soups. Hungary is also the only communist country to have really good coffee available; maybe some connection between that and



Hungary's main naturist centre – Délegyháza.



Caught for posterity.

the fact that 'café' in Hungarian is written 'eszpresso'. A typical dessert in Hungary is also 'palacsinta' (pronounced palatshintá) which are thin pancakes (crêpes) usually served with sugar, or jam, or butter, etc. They are delicious, to say the least.

What about naturism, you say! The only communist country permitting a national organization of naturists is Hungary; a national organization dedicated to the welfare and promotion of nude sunbathers, naturists. There is a large camp at Délegyháza capable of hosting thousands of naturists, and another one being developed at Mohács farther south, with a large number of 'wild' or unofficial nude beach terrains scattered throughout the country.

Furthermore, the national organization Magyar Naturisták Egyesülete (MNE) which has many thousands of members after only the second year in operation, is negotiating to buy or lease motel and hotel units and camp grounds to convert them to naturist use, as resorts, etc. Daily ground fees – as of summer 1986 – at Délegyháza is only 69¢US or 30 forints (58¢US at the free market rate of ex-

change of 52 forints to the dollar), a pittance not only for US visitors but to absolutely anyone from any Western country.

With a lake of pure water (an ex-quarry) on the grounds, sanitary facilities like toilets and showers, doctors, paramedics, emergency helicopter available, camp ground police, three restaurants, eight food wagons, and other services available without the need to leave the premises, it is a bargain. There are plenty of camping spots available, but if you plan to come in the high season of July and August, better book ahead of time. If you tell them you have read about Délegyháza and Hungarian naturism in this article, they will give you special treatment.

Forty-two kilometres to the north – a 45 minutes drive – you have the fascinating city of Budapest, the pre-war Paris on the Danube, with majestic age-old buildings, castles, tourist sites galore, hotels, restaurants, bars, and shops containing a greater wealth of goods – including select Western goods now – than in any other communist capital.

Hotels go from international chains of luxury status – with prices to match – through medium and very nice hotels



Someone's got himself a job as childminder!



Fresh air and sunshine – something most nations share (occasionally).





scenic shore line. Small, cozy restaurants and coffee houses proliferate everywhere, and the normal tourist paraphernalia are for sale in many shops. By May 1987 there will also be a good naturist camp ground available on the Balaton, with restaurant and all other facilities. It will be at Balatonberény.

It is rather important for visitors to understand that, in order to get good service and quality of merchandise in Hungary, one must usually search out private enterprises. A few prestige hotels may be the exception to the rule, but otherwise, the state run restaurants, and stores offer shoddy merchandise and poor service.

Private boutiques, restaurants, and service establishments however, do offer considerably higher standards of goods and services in the typical private enterprise style. The incentive to provide a broad merchandise mix, high quality of goods, and excellent service, is of course, enlightened self-interest – the profit motive which is absolutely lacking in state enterprises.

Luckily, more and more

at fairly reasonable prices, to the lower end of the scale with clean and comfortable lodgings with no luxury, maybe the bathroom and toilet in the hallway, but also at low cost to the budget traveller.

For those tourists flying straight into Budapest from abroad, or for train travellers, rental cars are available here, and to get to Délegyháza one drives south on highway 51 to an indicator showing where to turn eastward to Délegyháza, then after Délegyháza continue 2 km to the entrance of the camp which is on lake # 5.

If you don't rent a car, the best connection is to go by train from Budapest to Józsefvárosi, then three stops in streetcar (tram) no 23, 24, or 36 from stop Keleti to Délegyháza. From there it is 2 km by bus to the camp. In general, campers need bring along their own camping equipment, as none is for rent under regular circumstances.

An hour's drive southwest from Délegyháza will get you to the beautiful inland sea Balaton where tourist resorts flourish. Sightseeing steamers ply the tranquil waters of this giant lake, and panoramic vistas develop before your eyes as you move along the





private interests take over all kinds of small businesses in Hungary, so the quality of life is rapidly improving for the population. Even Canon cameras from Japan are now for sale in Budapest – and for forints – something unknown in other communist countries. The Hungarian economy is in a rapid state of flux, and all for the better. You probably guessed it – the food services at Délegyháza are all privately owned (built from scratch, equipped, stocked, and run as private enterprises).

I like Hungary. It has green rolling hills and endless farmland, sometimes pristine like half a century ago in the West. You think you have gone back to the 1930s on a time machine. Somewhat rustic conditions prevail in the countryside, and villages are still primitive as early in this century. The towns, although none as developed and prosperous looking as Western communities, are equipped to provide what the state thinks they need. Karl Marx said: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.' He didn't say who is to determine what those needs are, but red dictatorships take it upon

themselves to tell you what you need. Hungary's brand of Communism modifies this concept with the acknowledgement that the private initiative is a better instigator to produce sufficient quantity and quality of goods and services for the people. Private small business is therefore growing rapidly in Hungary.

To get detailed information about naturism in Hungary, about locations, about rates, etc., one must get in contact with the national naturist organization Magyar Naturisták Egyesülete (MNE). The address is Kárpát utca 8, H-1133 Budapest, Hungary.

What may interest you to know is that in July 1987 there is planned a congress of The Naturist Society at Délegyháza. The Naturist Society is the international organization dedicated purely to development of nude beaches, clothing-optional resort locations, etc., both at the coast and inland on rivers, lakes, hot springs, spas, etc.

In America, particularly, and in most of the rest of the world outside Western Europe, there is an urgent need for strong legal and/or organizational support for nude





They're improving facilities all the time.



beaches.

Even in Western Europe there have been cases where nudist club owners and operators have been against the dissemination of information regarding clothing-optional beaches. The Nudist Society and other nude beach activists fill the breach.

The INF (the International Nudist Federation) is basically an umbrella organization for national nudist camp associations although, in some instances, it has supported free beaches, too. The INF and The Nudist Society are thus complementary organizations, each concentrating on its own sphere of influence while occasionally overlapping in efforts.

The first week of July 1987 is thus destined to see at Délegyháza the International Nudist Nude Beach Congress 1987,



WHAT GAMES ARE BEST PLAYED NAKED?

WAYS TO
KEEP
TEENAGERS
IN THE
GAME

NUDE

GAMES

- VOLLEYBALL ● TENNIS
- SWIMMING ● JOGGING
- TABLE TENNIS ● QUOITS

A SUPPLEMENT PRESENTED FREE WITH HEALTH & EFFICIENCY

BE A NUDE SPORT

'ANY sport you can enjoy addressed you can enjoy nude,' I said.

'Not Dwarf Throwing,' he replied.

This took me aback. Not knowing what Dwarf Throwing involved, I replied cautiously, 'What's special about Dwarf Throwing then?'

'The Dwarfs don't like it!' 'So they wouldn't like it dressed or nude; what's the difference?'

'No difference,' he replied, 'I only said you can't play Dwarf Throwing in the nude.'

OK, so no Dwarf Throwing! But almost anything else goes.

And nude sport has a first class ancestry.

The ancient Greeks did it. And you can't get more prestigious than that. Mixed the sexes too. If we are to believe that famous painting showing Spartan girls and boys competing together.

Not that all the ancient Greeks liked it. They knew it would lead to all sorts of wickedness. Perhaps it did. The ancient Greeks were notoriously gay. And youthful girls often found themselves unwillingly pregnant.

Nevertheless in around 720 BC the 15th Olympic Games saw nudity invading Greek athletics. But women were mostly excluded. They had their own romp at a different time – the Heraea. Nudity invaded not only running but also wrestling and 'keep fit' exercises.

The ancient Greeks were very keen on the body beautiful, especially the men. They liked to display a perfectly formed body. When they got older it was different. Their bodies no longer perfectly formed, they covered.

Finally, did the ancient Greeks go further than we would dare? The famous picture mentioned above was Manet's 'Girls in ancient Sparta inciting the boys to wrestle.' If you're in London, you can see it in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

I doubt whether this sport would go down a bomb with the elders of most of today's naturist clubs. The boys (and girls?) might enjoy it. But along with Dwarf Throwing I think we must accept it as another sport we are unlikely to see in naturist resorts for many years to come.

While we are on the subject, this discussion of the ancient Greeks is perfectly appropriate in a naturist paper. For they came very close to the naturist ideal.

For instance, there was the attitude of the sect known as the Cynics. They held that you should live in nature's style. They held that there was nothing to be ashamed of in nature. Therefore the body was not shameful in any way. This led them into conflict

Naked sport is not new. They did it years ago. And it would probably improve your game. As long as you keep your distance – and don't want to throw dwarfs as they do in Australia, or play football like they do in America.

By H. M. Wren.

with the conventional life as it does for naturists today. As part of their belief they supported the cult of nakedness. Diogenes took the idea to its logical conclusion and enjoyed sex in the public view. Naturists are not yet ready to accept their 'cult of shamelessness' can go this far. But if they are sincere, why not?

So there is nothing new under the sun. The first naturists were established in the 4th century BC.

Diogenes also took the view that women should be allowed to exercise with men. And since men went naked to exercise then one must assume the women would too.

Even today naturists will say along with Zeno who founded Stoicism 'naturalia non sunt turpia' or 'the natural cannot be shameful'.

In naturism sport is for all. Sport

is not only something to be watched or enjoyed by others. It is for the active enjoyment of all.

Perhaps this is why the first amenity any club aims for is a swimming pool. Swimming, especially non-competitive swimming, is the ideal sport – especially for the lazy. You don't even have to support your own weight – the water does most of the work. And in the water we can all be graceful. Moreover, to be naked in the water is surely the most natural thing. To wear clothes for a swim is as stupid as getting dressed to have a bath.

Again the ancients knew all about it. Not the Greeks this time, but the Romans. They brought the luxury of naked swimming to perfection. Sure, even then there were prudes who wore a sort of bathing dress. But this was optional, rather like our optional

clothing beaches today. Some lasses invented the bikini. To this day you can see a picture of a girl in a bikini, in the tilework of an ancient Bath.

Naturist swimming today takes two forms. One involves the purely sensual flopping about in the water and the other pure competitive sport.

Naturist groups hire local swimming pools – especially in the winter where many Boroughs have set aside certain hours for naturist use. Interclub competitions take place in municipal pools. Usually in the winter when outdoor swimming in the clubs pools is impossible.

International naturist swimming competitions are now well established. The International Naturist Federation has been promoting these competitions for many years. Usually they take place in some vast, covered swimming pool and at the end the prizes are presented by a local big-wig fully dressed in formal clothing and facing nakedness without a bat of the eyelid. Personally I find all this about as far removed from naturism as one can get. The bathers usually look miserable and cold and the dank atmosphere of an indoor pool hardly reminds me of naturist sunbathing under a blue sky.

This image may change with the development of the modern informal 'leisure pool.' Let us hope so.

But since this is just an introduction to the issue of sport in naturism, let us survey the subject in more general terms.

Most of us will agree that simply lying in the sun doing nothing has its limits. I know there are those to whom an all over tan is the end all of their ambition. These are prepared to put up with the uttermost boredom for that sake. But even they must find time heavy on their backs – even brown backs.

Most of us require some action. Something to interest us and at the same time let us interact with others. What better than games? Or if you want to put it in other words – sport.

The movement has always emphasised its association with health. Sport means exercise, and exercise we are told means health. Recently some research doctors have come up with the proposition that exercise induces in the blood a certain substance which mildly intoxicates. In other words the sportsman is likely to 'get a high'. To get slightly and pleasantly drugged. And it's all perfectly legal! No need to sniff cocaine. Jog round the club grounds a few times and gulp in nature's drug, pure air.

So not only is healthful exercise



Ball games of any description are popular with naturists who like an excuse to make friends.

good for us, nature makes sure we enjoy it.

But naturists have one advantage over all others when it comes to sport—they can do it naked. It is still incredible to many of us that in the outside world of sport, clothing is still *de rigueur*. A mathematician recently calculated that if sportsmen were allowed to go naked every present world sporting record would soon be smashed. But outsiders can only dream. Naturists can enjoy sport without clogging clothes hampering their act.

Imagine a nude Wimbledon. Would the tennis players then need sweat bands round their foreheads? Or would the naked body keep them properly cool?

What about injury? Is the naked body more vulnerable? Would a hard hit tennis ball hurt more without a piece of cotton between it and the skin? Probably the cotton would make little difference.

I must admit that nude males would look preposterous wearing jock straps. And as for box protectors! No, the male just has to pretend a macho philosophy and trust in the Lord.

While the theory is that any sport you can enjoy clothed, you can also enjoy nude is true enough, in practice naturists tend to adopt the games that don't require teams. Rugby or Soccer I've never seen in clubs.

The one exception in team games is the universally popular volley ball. But this is the one team game where no body contact is involved. In Soccer and especially Rugby it would be hard to avoid body contact. In volley ball you always have a net between you. Is this why it's so acceptable?

Most sports in naturist environments are one to one or two to two confrontations. And even here, direct bodily contact is out. I've never seen wrestling in a naturist resort. Despite the impeccable ancient Greek background. Table tennis is in. Badminton is in. Even tennis is in. Quoits (or deck tennis) is in. Running or jumping competition is in. Swimming is in. Bodily contact is out.

Except . . . except in one naturist environment where a strange water sport was most popular. It took place in the swimming pool. The players consisted of two couples each made up of a man and a woman. The men stood on the pool bottom while the girl straddled her legs around the man's neck thus mounting his shoulders. He then took a good hold of her legs facing up to the other couple similarly mounted. Battle commences. The object is to topple the opposite couple into the water. The winners being the couple left upright. All good, clean fun. Much enjoyed by the spectators as well as the players.

Significantly enough, I have seen this game played in only one naturist environment. Shamelessness appears to have its limits. In this game the sure



'I hope he's not going to take this too seriously.'



way to lose is for the girl to sit back on the man's shoulders. The winner has to have her crotch clamped firmly onto the man's neck. He can then get a firm grip on her thighs. I said 'the winner'. Perhaps I should have said 'the most likely winner'.

But of course this position involves pretty intimate contact. And with intimacy goes a certain eroticism. For the viewer as well as the players. Now while the ancient Greeks were quite capable of taking eroticism in their stride, we are less able. The sad consequence is that we tend to avoid every form of bodily contact unless it is strictly conventional. That goes for naturist and non-naturist alike.

One question of great interest is this. Will nude sport remain forever within the walls of naturist resorts? We can only speculate. But the whole trend of the last fifty years or so would seem to indicate that nudity will eventually be accepted in many sports in the everyday world.

Already natural nudism is breaking out. Today the beaches and even some public parks. Tomorrow everywhere. And when, once again, the nude becomes fully accepted and nothing to be especially remarked on, then all sportsmen and women will be the first to take advantage of this record breaking situation.



'If I act clumsy, maybe he'll let me get back to my magazine.'

GAMES NATURISTS PLAY

ANY club or resort embarking on installing games courts and the expense involved would be well advised to consider not only the cost/benefit ratio but also to keep a balance between the needs of the very young, the adult athletic and those past the first flush of youth.

Jogging

I have heard of only one club which has an established track for joggers. It's a measured distance. Convenient for those who like to know exactly how far they have run and for those who want to work through a programme of jogging starting from a limited distance and working up to something more strenuous. No particular shape is required and you can take advantage of any interesting terrain the resort may possess.

It may be a good idea to keep the track near the edges of the property. This has several advantages. Firstly it keeps the active away from the sedentary, secondly it makes the most of the area available. And thirdly, some might say, it will tend to discourage the activities of any likely voyeurs probing the perimeter.

The cost is low and the benefit

What sports do naturists enjoy most? Which are the ones that appeal to everyone? Which are the cheapest to organise.

high so in the value for money scale it rates an 'A'.

It's something that all ages can enjoy so we give it a 'U' for universal appeal.

Boules

This is another universal game more often seen in French resorts than elsewhere. Its great advantage is that no special ground is necessary. Expert boules players enjoy the challenge of varying terrain. I've even seen it played on the steep approach road to the town of Heliopolis on the Isle de Levant. That rocky steep terrain would take some beating!

The only expense involved therefore is the cost of buying the metal boules themselves. Since members buy their own, we can say making provision for this game costs the club nothing.

However, it might be helpful if those who wanted to play the game were given some indication – by signs possibly – the areas where the activity could most conveniently take place.

This game rates an 'A' then for

its cost to benefit ratio and a 'U' because anyone from child to oldster can enjoy its benefits.

Volleyball

One of the most popular games. Found everywhere. At competition level it is taken very seriously. But this rarely applies to naturist clubs. Most clubs use the volleyball game as an ongoing exercise/entertainment with players joining or leaving the game as they feel inclined.

Thus you can have a game continuing for hours and finishing with a totally different lot of players from those who began.

As mentioned elsewhere in this supplement a full sized court can easily make up three mini courts for the use of children.

The cost to the club can be very low. Just the posts and the net are essential. The tramping of many feet will beat even the softest ground into a hard standing in time.

Or you can spend more and provide a bitumen or concrete court properly and permanently

marked out.

All considered we must award an 'A' for its cost benefit ratio since the court can easily be converted for children and then only the older members will not be catered for. Use categories A and C for Adult and Child.

Badminton

Here is another popular and relatively low cost game. All the club or resort will be called on to provide is the net and the ground.

Members who are keen on the game will be expected to provide their own racquet and shuttles.

Unfortunately, Badminton is one game which is best played indoors since the slightest wind can catch the shuttle with unpredictable results. Naturists will prefer an outdoor setting, so if possible sites should be selected with care. Thinking of the long term it is a good idea to plant high growing thick hedges around each court.

A light and gusty wind can make the game even more challenging and introduce an element of chance. But anything like a strong wind is deadly.

The cost is again low and the benefit high. Children, adults and

even oldsters can enjoy the game at their own pace, so it gets an 'A' for cost benefit and a 'U' for its universal appeal.

Table Tennis

Here the club is called on to make a more permanent contribution in the form of the table. If the game is to be played indoors, this is little problem. Tables are available commercially in various sizes thus accommodating children as well as adults.

Outdoors it's a different question. Permanent tables are difficult to build and need considerable maintenance. Timber tables, especially the veneered type will hardly last one winter. A smooth slate top is best, but expensive.

It is best that bats and balls be provided by the players. But if this is the case the game may be little played. Another approach is to have bats and balls available on request and after use returned to a club official.

This is one game which is immensely popular with children and consequently generates a great deal of noise when they are around.

This should be taken into account when deciding where to site the game.

The cost here is higher and we will give it a 'B' on that rating and a 'U' for its universal appeal.

Tennis

Now we start spending money! Tennis, to be taken at all seriously, needs a good firm court. This means a proper hardcore base and a finish of bitumen or concrete.

To build several courts will cost a great deal of money or alternatively members labour. There is no point in trying to do it cheaply. The court will crumble and in the long run either be left to wither away or cost more in repairs than it is worth.

There are various forms of mini-tennis available and these should be considered. But one which uses an odd shaped round 'bat' (known as a 'thug') has its limitations. For one thing that 'bat' can badly bruise a beginner's wrist.

The cost benefit ratio is low: I give it a 'C'. Its usefulness is limited too, so it gets an 'A' for adults use mostly.

That just about covers the most popular games played in naturist clubs. But the list is far from exhaustive. One very enjoyable game which is little played is Deck Tennis. Kept alive now only on pricey cruise liners, it is a game well worth investigation.

Deck Tennis

Sometimes called Quoits, the essential in this game is the circular hollow rubber ring which is tossed over the net. Making provision for the game is cheap and the great advantage over ball games is that the rubber ring when it hits the ground falls dead and consequently is easily recovered. This is why it is so popular for deck board games on ships. A

NATURIST SPORT INFORMATION TABLE						
	Cost/Benefit Rating	Ease of Construction	Popularity	Internationally Played	INT Competitive Sport	Notes
Jogging	1	1	3	✓	×	Rank order: 1 2 3 ✓ Yes × No
Volleyball	1	1	1	✓	✓	
Table Tennis	2	2	2	✓	×	
Tennis	2	3	2	✓	×	
Deck Tennis/Quoits	1	1	3	×	×	
Rounders	1	1	3	×	×	
Swimming	2	3	1	✓	✓	

ball always finishes in the sea!

The game can be played with similar rules to Badminton but only the rubber quoit is used and thrown from hand to hand over

the net.

It has high cost/benefit so it gets an 'A' there, and it has a 'U' for universal appeal.

Another game which could be

more often played than it is, is called rounders.

Rounders

This differs a little from previous games in that it is a team game. A full team consists of nine players and officially there should be four 'posts' to run between.

But of course you can make your own adjustments to the official game.

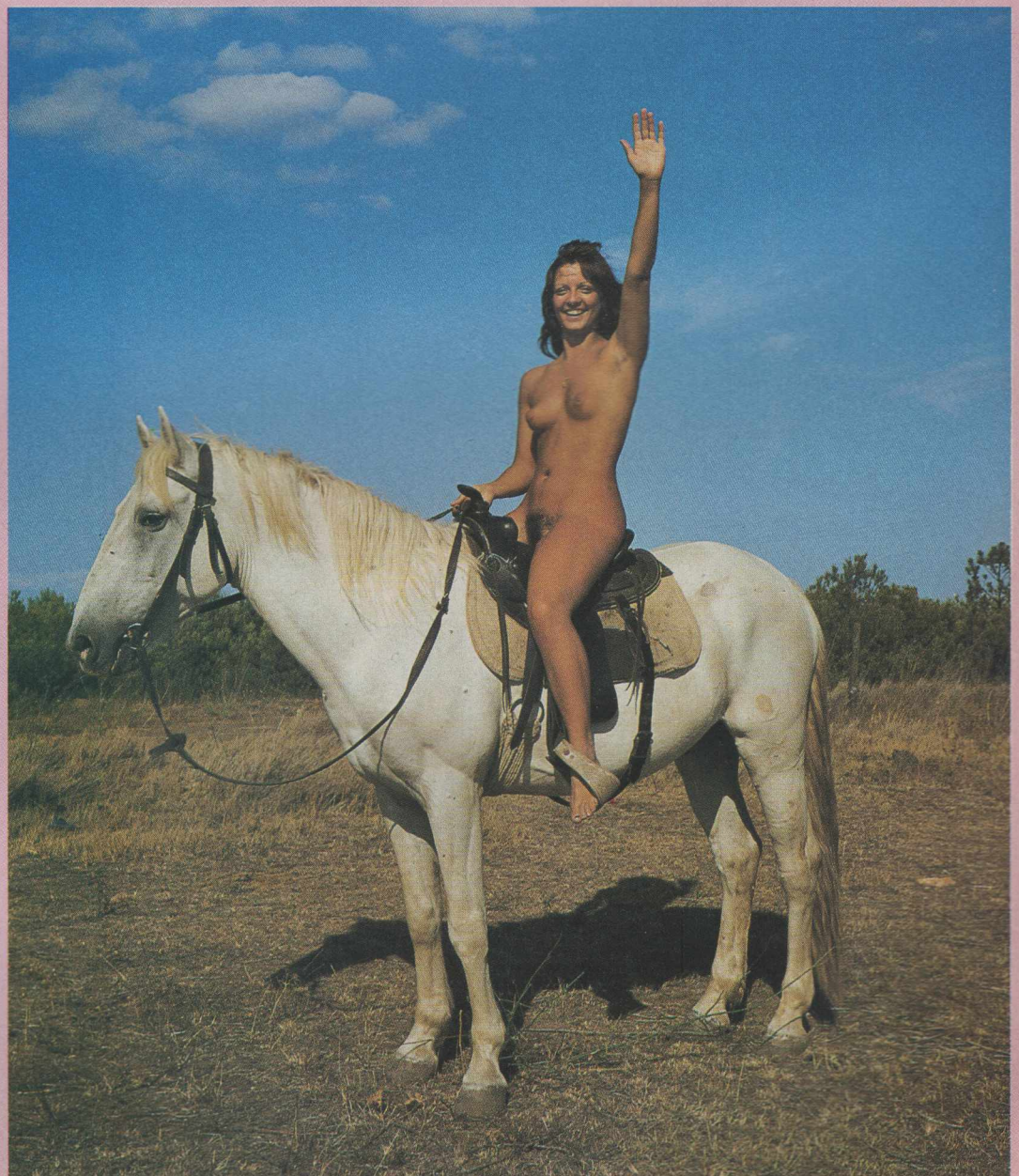
It is a very popular children's game and noisy, so it should be carefully sited.

It rates an 'A' for its cost benefit since the club need only provide an area for play and perhaps the club and ball. It rates an 'A' and a 'C' for adult and child interest.

Other games worth considering are: Water Polo, played in the swimming pool, Basketball, Netball, and possibly Archery.

Finally, if you want something amusing and unusual why not consider a giant chess board built outdoors and peopled by chess men a metre high.

Visually exciting and mentally challenging.



'Naked horse-riding – it's always been my fantasy.'

WATER SPORTS

THERE is a serious theory concerning the evolution of mankind which says that we spent some ten million years in or around water. A long time ago admittedly. But if you observe how the masses descend onto every beach in Europe when they can, the theory seems vindicated.

Certainly the first thing naturists do when they establish a club or holiday resort is to build a swimming pool. Even if it is only one of those circular contraptions which stand above ground.

Further, the free beach movement is another indication of our natural inclination to enjoy water.

Even during the winter, naturists can't keep out of the water. In many countries winter swimming in municipal pools has been a part of naturism for many years.

And while swimming is one of naturism's greatest pleasures, it has also developed into perhaps its major sport.

The International Naturist Federation organises swimming contests usually in a different country each year. This is all very well, but

Sports involving water should always be fun – and safe. How can clubs make them available – and keep them not-too-serious?

I cannot bring myself to praise their efforts.

The trouble is these festivals usually take place inside a building. No sun, no fresh air; no naturism at all really. It's the same thing with winter naturist swims in municipal pools.

The sight of poor naked kids shivering and goose pimples under electric light is about as far removed from the ideals of naturism as you can ever get.

Another criticism is that these international meetings turn into international contests where the competitors are divided by nationality. Surely we have had enough of that in the outside world. Naturism as a movement aims to cross national barriers rather than erect them.

But these are asides and hardly affect the average naturist.

For him the swimming pool remains a delight. All ages seem to take naturally to the water.

Children scream in it, the elderly walk in it. And the in betweeners swim in it. And here arises the first problem. How can so many different interests be integrated?

First of all the children. Many clubs adopt the sensible idea of building a separate pool for the kids. Unfortunately it rarely works if the main pool is anywhere near by. One club I know has been driven to the expedient of building a fence round the pool to keep the children out. Not that it's against children, mind you. Its only to prevent the danger of drowning. But it is only sensible to separate children and adults and to make special facilities for the kids some distance away from the main swimming pool.

Swimming sports as such are generally reserved for some special day where races for different age groups are arranged.

Once, all swimming pools were rectangular in shape. This was

dictated mainly by the idea that competitive races were the beginning and end of swimming exercise. But in naturist leisure resorts this sort of competitive thing takes place rarely if at all. Certainly the setting aside of one day for competitive racing, hardly means that the pool should be designed for this rare occasion.

Better far, that the pool take on a shape more able to accommodate different activities. There are no hard and fast rules. But it is sensible to follow through various activity centres. For instance if you are going to have diving, you will want a part of the pool reserved for that activity and of course there will be a greater depth of water here.

For the rest of the pool water depth need not be great – only suited to the activity that area might accommodate.

For instance for just lolling around a foot of water is ample. For non competitive swimming three to four feet is ample.

Access to the pool should be simple and easy. The old



Even naked individuals have the crowd instinct.

fashioned steep steps are out. Ideal is the pool which you can walk into. To achieve this you want a wide area of water lapping up to surface level. All around the pool you should have as wide as possible an area of tile or other hard surface – non-slip of course.

The technical details of keeping the water clean and warm don't concern us here. Suffice to say that it is sensible to have some form of controlled entrance to the swimming pool area with antiseptic footbaths especially. One thing naturists don't have to bother with is dressing rooms!

From the above you will have gathered that I'm in favour of an irregular shaped pool designed not for swimming races but roughly to accommodate various water leisure activities.

Finally, what do you do with the excavated material? Use it of course. One club I know piled it up along one side of the pool to make a sort of grandstand for onlookers.

The games and sports you can enjoy in a pool are numerous, and only limited by your imagination. They range from the horse and rider contests mentioned elsewhere to the seemingly impossible sport of underwater hockey!



This sort of volleyball can go on for hours (but not with the same players).

MINI SPORTS FOR MINI PEOPLE

THIS question has agonised club committees for more years than I can recall. And still no one appears to have the answer.

At the risk of appearing big-headed I would like to propose the reason and suggest an answer.

The reason kids desert the clubs at puberty is not because they have suddenly become conscious of their sexuality as many suggest, but quite simply that they are bored out of their minds.

Anyone can see this. Most kids under the age of ten are happy to hang around their parents or find diversion in the children's playground. But as they grow into their teens things change. The kiddie games are for kids, not for them. As far as they are concerned you can keep your swings, your sand pits and even your paddle pools. After all, they have been playing with these for years and years.

But what do they do now? They haven't a clue. They are certainly not grown up enough to ape their elders. They can't bear to lie on their backs just soaking up the sun. Reading a diverting novel while occasionally eyeing up an

Why do teenagers desert the clubs? Why, when the kids enter their early teens, do they refuse to go with their parents to a sun club? When just a year or two earlier they were happy kiddies playing on the swings or roundabouts.

attractive member of the opposite sex discreetly of course, is not yet their interest.

And those that can still be forced to come to the club show their boredom in disruptive behaviour. Hordes of kids playing noisy chasing games. Squabbling and screaming in the adults swimming pool.

Such disruption in fact, that many adults are secretly pleased when they leave. 'Let them get over the rough edges and come back when they are civilised,' I heard one member observe.

The simple truth is the teenagers leave because they find the atmosphere of the sunclub utterly boring.

What is needed is something to replace the boredom with activity of a kind enjoyable to their age.

This is where sport generally, and games in particular come into their own.

But, you may object, there are plenty of games available in most clubs and resorts. There is certainly volleyball. And tennis and badminton, and well, everything the adults enjoy.

Certainly. But the trouble is the kids don't enjoy the adult size and scale of these games areas.

Have you ever seen a young teenager try to join in a free-for-all game of volley ball? He, or especially she, doesn't stay long. The adults overshadow them and effectively cut them out.

When they try to set up the same game amongst themselves, it is all too difficult. The net is too high, the court too large for them. They are mini-adults playing on a maxi adults court.

The same goes for many of the other games.

It's not only the physical difficulty. The games and the kids are, as they say, out of scale.

A child of 12 playing on a court designed for an adult is stupid. It will possibly turn him against that sport for life.

And that would be a sad day for the child. It is just in this period of his life that he stands to gain most from sport. For sport builds character.

The International Naturist Federation is in no doubt of this. That is why it sets so much store by promoting sport for all ages, and especially youngsters.

Recent research in an American University, reported in *The Journal of Moral Education*, backs up this idea. But the idea is nothing new. Sportsmanship and character have long gone hand in hand. So much so that the phrase 'it isn't cricket' has come to indicate a moral lapse.

What can we do? The answer, I suggest, is perfectly simple. It is to provide games facilities for teenagers which meet their requirements.

And that means in a word, miniaturisation. Scale down tennis courts. Scale down the racquet size. Reduce the size of the volley ball court, lower the height of the



Boules, the continental naturists' favourite.

net, whenever possible.

Let's see what can be done. First of all what games lend themselves most easily to this scale adjustment?

Volley ball certainly. Badminton, basketball, netball, rounders, tennis and decktennis are others that immediately spring to mind.

I think we have to exclude games which call for the wearing of special equipment or clothes. For instance, all football games require boots. Somehow I think naturists wearing boots are too ludicrous to contemplate. Similarly a nude padded up for cricket is quite out of place. As for

American Football!

But how are we to 'scale down' the courts. I would suggest that common sense is enough. One takes a look at the physical size of the players and reduces the court size to suit. Take the ever popular volley ball. The net height is crucial. If you make the top of the net at about the same height as the players outstretched hands held above their head – you will be about right. Having settled that, the depth of the games court can easily be adjusted so as to keep the serving distance within the reasonable strength and ability of the players.

On the other hand there is a great deal to be said for establishing standard sizes for courts. Work has already been done in this direction.

A book entitled *Mini Sport* by Mike Sleep, published by Heinemann Educational Books, sets out detailed dimensions for some ten different games including volleyball, tennis, badminton, basketball, netball and rounders. Soccer, rugby and cricket are also covered.

Taking volleyball for instance, the dimensions recommended for the mini version cleverly make use of the adult court which

measures 18 by 9 metres. The 18 metres dimension in the adult court is divided into three giving areas of 6 metres by 9. And this 6 by 9 metre area is suggested as the mini volley ball court. Clever. It would be helpful if the INF were to adopt mini standards and they could do worse than adopt the dimensions given in Mike Sleep's book.

With games courts designed for the use of our younger members we might overcome the puberty drain. At the very least we would give the youngsters something to do and relieve a lot of the present pressure on the 'oldsters'.

A SUPPLEMENT PRESENTED FREE WITH HEALTH & EFFICIENCY



The lack of commercialism must be refreshing although perhaps they wouldn't agree?

organised by The Naturist Society in conjunction with MNE, and inviting both nude beach users from around the world, and also INF nudist club members. At the conference, all naturists and nude beach topics are open to discussion. To the other side, the naturist visitors from around the world are not coming just for business meetings but also to have fun. This part, of course, is left to the Hungarian organizers as they are known to be the very best hosts.

Since this is the first international naturist meeting held in a communist country, it will be an excellent opportunity for naturists from Eastern Europe to gather and meet naturists from the West without the difficulty entailed in obtaining exit visas and Western currency.





There may be some repressions, but the naturists themselves are quite happy to and open.

East Germans, Czechs, Poles, and other citizens of Eastern Europe can descend en masse upon Hungary and Délegyháza, have a lovely but inexpensive vacation in a well-organized naturist resort, and return home happy for personal friendships established with Western naturists who also came to Délegyháza.

All naturists from communist countries must write directly to MNE for information regarding this international event.

All naturists in the Western (non-communist) countries wanting to join the conference must write to: The Naturist Society, PO Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902, USA. Westerners will find that rather few foreigners have so far come to Délegyháza, only 5% or less. Those few usually come from West Germany, East Germany, Poland, Austria, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. All others, the 95%, are Hungarians.

During the conference, a good deal more visitors should come from other East European countries.

For a while you can enjoy the peace and friendship that Hungarian naturists manage to furnish their foreign visitors. You will have had an unforgettable experience among Hungarian and other Eastern European friends.





As usual, good weather means plenty of refreshments needed.



COME INTO THE SHADOW OF ATHOS



Lie naked on Banana.



Banana's inviting sands and hidden nooks.



The Royal Marine Fleet Band doing their thing in Skiathos.

MOUNT Athos, where all the monks used to live and in fact where about 1500 still do live, is on the mainland of Greece and the Sporades group of islands is quite a long way offshore but nevertheless some people believe that Skiathos means 'In the shadow of Athos'. Well, that's what Epiphantos – a Skiathiote who long since departed to the happy hunting grounds said and I quote 'Skia Atho means Shadow Athos'.

Silly old fool. It's much too far away and I think it is much more likely that the first Karian and Pelagian tourists nicknamed the place Skiathos because of all the shadows cast by the dense pine forests. Alexandros Papadiamantis agrees with me, or he would do if he hadn't fallen off his perch years and years ago.

That should set the seal of authenticity upon the matter and take a load off your mind.

'The locals like it if you appear to know a little about their homeland.'

Right then, that's the end of the low level waste. You can come up now and find out how I came to be here on the 15th May 1986 with 1944 Drachma in my wallet which were left over from the last trip. I suppose I shouldn't have said that because you are only allowed to take 1500 out when you leave, but when you come back you need about £10 worth to keep you going until you find out about the banks and things in the new place.

It couldn't be easier to get here. From Gatwick the direct flight takes about 3½ hours and the coach at Skiathos airport will get you to your hotel in about an hour. Of all the islands in the Sporades Group (Sporadic or Scattered around like pepper – that is why they call them Sporades), Skiathos is the most highly developed as a holiday centre. Here there are 62 splendid beaches and a dedication to tourism second to none in the group, so they make it easy for you to get here.

For many years the Greek government has had a thing about calling the whole of an island by the name of its capital. There are still a few exceptions like Santorini/Thira and Lesbos/Mytilini but

Edward Williams went to Skiathos island, and discovered he could lie naked on Banana, along with the rest of them. As usual, he has reported where not to go as well as where to go, and by reading this article you will not only save time and effort when you visit the island, but you'll be able to converse with the locals too! At least, you can make a start...



Krassa discovered.

in the main the rule holds good. Do you wonder why I tell you these little snippets? Well it's because when you arrive in Greece the locals like it if you appear to know a little about their homeland, and they like it even more if you give them the impression that you have come for a little more than just the cheap drinks.

Anyway here we are on the coach from the airport on a fine Pemty morning. That's the day after Tetarty, which as you well know is Wednesday. I wonder where you are booked in.

I think the safest bet if you have never been to the place before is always the capital because this is where the buses start, where the banks are sure to be, and where all the other facilities will be available. However I studied the book *Greek Island Hopping*, which has 350 pages of details, maps, hotels etc. of all the inhabited islands and which said quite clearly that Banana Beach was where all the nudists went on this island. So for me it seemed better to split the difference and live about halfway be-

tween the capital and this beach, so I chose the Belvedere Hotel near Achladias beach. So let us deal with this part first.

Achlathias

The KTEL bus service on the island is very simple because there is only one tarmac road from the airport to Skiathos town and along the South coast to Koukounaries, passing through most of the holiday resorts. All other roads are unpaved and are served only by taxis.

'If you stay there, an early morning skinny-dip might be on the cards.'

The Belvedere Hotel is a collection of bungalows around a central reception block and to be frank it could all do with a coat of paint and similar repairs. One receptionist was rather grumpy but the rest of the small staff were very attentive and helpful. The manager (or was he

the owner?) seldom moved from his armchair on the balcony and no other meals apart from breakfast were available, but it was not expensive and the hot water, drains etc worked well enough.

The Hotel Hesperides on the other side of the road was much better but, of course, very much more costly. So there was a choice and this is typical of the whole island. Along the whole of the coast road, wherever there is a beach, hotels and apartment blocks to suit all tastes and pockets have sprung up.

Achladias Beach itself is sandy but short and not suitable for all-over tanning because of the number of tavernas etc built close to the sea. I thought the best of these was the Faro which is close to the Belvedere. They specialise in seafood dishes and about £4 will buy a very good meal and a half-bottle of Retsina.

A quick look at the map will reveal the fact that a high proportion of the 62 beaches can be inspected simply by going along the coast road on the bus

and so starting from the Hesperides Hotel at Achladhias, let us go West to the end of the line. The first beach of any interest to us is Tzanerias.

Tzanerias

This is a good beach but is overshadowed by the Hotel Nostos which is notable for having a small golf course of its own near the beach. If you stay there, an early morning skinny-dip might be on the cards but for anything more daring I think it would be better to go further afield.

Kanapitsa

This is an area with many hotels and apartments. There are good beaches but the main interest seemed to be water sports, pedalo boats and that sort of thing. Quite a large number of people got on the bus here and I overheard a remark to the effect that some nudism did take place on the most remote beach near Rigas. It seemed to me that the people concerned were quite keen on nudism and the thought occurred, 'They must be going somewhere else for a good reason.'

Kolpos

This is the bus stop for Vromolimnos and Argirolimnos beaches, which are good but rather small. Like Kanapitsa there are many hotels, apartments, tavernas, minimarkets and the like but once again a couple of dozen more passengers crammed on to our long suffering bus.

Very much the same happened at

Aghios Paraskevi (near Platanios Beach) and Troulos.

The next stop is at the Skiathos Palace Hotel. Without doubt this is the best and most expensive hotel on the island with every luxury and facility. About half of our passengers got off the bus here and made their way through the grounds to the Eastern end of Koukounaries beach, part of which appears to be exclusive to the hotel guests, but there is plenty left for everybody else.

Koukounaries Beach

After the Skiathos Palace Hotel stop, the bus goes round the back of Lake Strofilias and finally stops close to the Hotel Xenia.

'Most people felt it better not to disturb the non-believers.'

A short walk straight ahead brings you to the Western end of the finest beach on the island. Some claim it to be the finest beach in the whole of Greece.

There is well over a kilometre of really perfect sand with all the usual tavernas, water sports and the like and the pine trees come right down to the edge giving very welcome shade. You really need it here as the sun can be very strong in June, July and August. Topless is almost 100% but total nudity is not encouraged. Not at the moment anyway but in a few years who knows with the way things are going? In the meantime we have not been forgotten so back to the bus stop, and follow the road

signposted to Ammoudia Krassa where you will be in for a very pleasant surprise after a ten minute walk through the pines.

Krassa

An 'Ammoudia' is a really sandy beach and Krassa is perfect just like it's neighbour 'Koukou'. Can this be the famous 'Banana Beach'? It most certainly is. The pine trees reach right down to the sand for shade. There are two or three superb tavernas with tables and benches in the fringe of the forest. They also keep a stock of sunshades for hire. Total nudity is universal and the crescent shaped beach (hence 'Banana') can easily accommodate about 500 people without crowding and if you care to clamber over the rocks at the Northern end there is another similar beach which everyone calls 'Spartacus' after the name of the taverna upon it. This is also completely nude and is really part of Krassa.

With two such super beaches served by a frequent bus service why bother with any of the others?

This, of course, is exactly what the authorities want you to think and this is what most people do.

Aghia Eleni Beach

There is a footpath over the headland at the Northern end of Spartacus which in twenty minutes will bring you to another superb beach called Aghia Eleni. This has two tavernas and a ski-school. It can also be reached by road from Koukou.



No need for sunbeds around these parts.

I asked the English lady in charge of one of the tavernas about nudism here and she said that a very few did strip off at the far end but most people felt it better not to disturb the non-believers when Banana was so close.

The Northern Shore

Most of the beaches here are accessible only by boat, in fact the only one served by a second class gravel road is Aselinos. This is fair enough as beaches go but what a game to get there! Either you have a 10 km walk (there and back) or a taxi from Troulos if you can find an empty one going back to Skiathos from the Palace Hotel. It would be good for people with a hired Vespa who were not all that keen on being seen without their clothes.

Thinking about that long walk is making me feel hungry. What shall we have? Skiathiki Tiropita? Chamali? Both are island specialties and just looking at them will put pounds on your weight. Skiathiot Cheese Pie followed by flaky pastry soaked in honey; that's what it all is.

'Grab the camera, Williams, and march towards the sound of the guns.'

It is time to go back to the Belvedere to make up the day to day diary and the 'bank balance'. The bus fares came to 80 (40 pence that is). Then there were two cold Henninger Lagers – two pints for 160. Two large 'torpedoes' – fresh bread rolls nearly as big as a Rugger ball stuffed with tomato, ham and cucumber for 200. There is plenty left from the original 1944 dracks. Enough for a jolly good meal and a busride into town tomorrow morning. The banks will be open because it's a Paraskeyi and no public holiday.

Skiathos Town

Naturally I kept an eye on all the beaches going along in the bus. It is very easy because the road is very close to the coastline. I think this always makes it difficult for all-over tanning. You don't really want every busload gawping at you all day and Vasilias; Mitikas; Megalimos and Fteliass beaches are too close to the road. Best left to the bucket and spade para-military wing, I thought. Who cares after seeing Banana? Just as the song says – the boys don't want to stay on the farm after they have seen Paris.

The town itself is typical of most of the island capitals with all facilities, hotels, doctors, dentists, good shops and restaurants, passenger boats, car ferries and hydrofoil services to the other islands, everything which you would expect from a place which is devoted to tourism. But stay! What is this which doth assault mine ears with military music? And while I am in the middle of a tin of Kaiser lager (as a change from the usual Ouzo). Grab the camera, Williams – the Rolleiflex – and march towards the sound of the guns.



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What do I find after a ten minute walk along the prom? Marines, and ours too, Ducky, not theirs. The complete Royal Marine Fleet Band no less, dressed to kill and doing their Oom-Pah music on the square with the temperature around about 32 Celsius. Good lads.

When the first break in the music came I got hold of the nearest corporal and pulled his leg a bit. 'What happened to you lot, then? Did you go off on a route march and get lost?'

'Oh no, Sir, we are on the biggest giggle I have seen in all my service. We are off *Sea Princess*, the new cruise liner out there in the bay and the whole band was engaged to play to the passengers all through the cruise. I haven't had to pay for a single drink for a week or more.'

Now, of course at this state of the art, I don't know what Memsahib Editor wants to do, but I did promise this chap that I would try to get a picture of the Royals doing their stuff into the mag. This could be the breakthrough in sales with the Navy and all!

Ausfluge

Excursions to you too. Very few of these start before 1st June and in the main they are boat trips to the surrounding small islets such as Tsougrias with its silvery pebble beach at Lalarias and the Galazia Cave. There is not all that much in the way of 'culture' but at least one travel agent organizes coach trips to the ancient capital Paliokastro with its ruins of Byzantine churches and Turkish baths. Several others run 'Greek Nights' at small inland villages. However, apart from a few monasteries, there is not much else to see. Most of the visitors come simply for the beaches.

Summary

Skiathos is a good 'holiday island' where the local people have obviously taken tourism very seriously for the past fifteen or twenty years and the degree of development reflects this wherever you go.

If nudism is your main interest you should choose to live at the Western end of the island near Koukounaries. Stay at the Palace if you need real luxury and get a taxi down to Banana Beach every morning. Rough it, for a change.

Sorry – I missed that bit. I didn't do what? The other days of the week? No – I didn't. Oh; very well; just this once. Good old Yellow Pages.

Kyriaki, that's Sunday. Then Deytera and Triti. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday I have told you already. Then Sabbato and if you can't figure out how to pronounce it all you just go off to the Zaxoroplasteion and stuff yourself silly with chocolate cake, Nescafe and 7 star Metaxa. Someone there will help you.

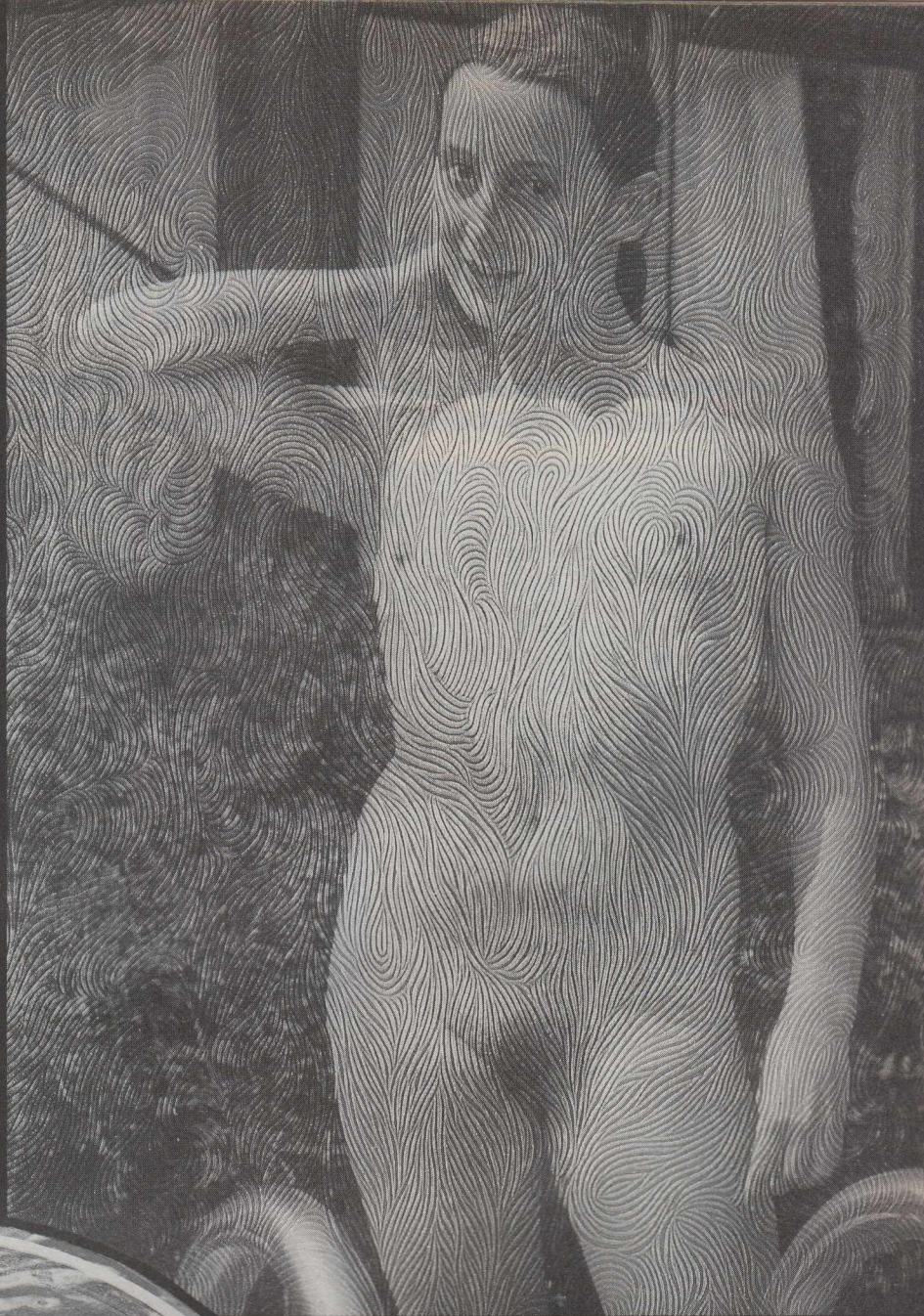
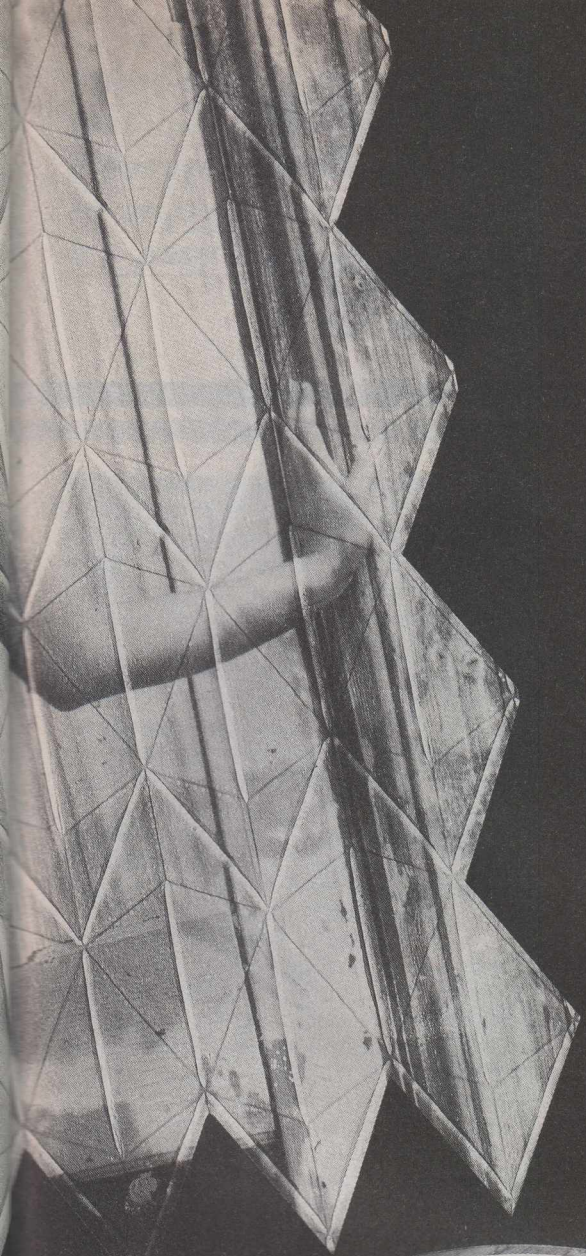
THROUGH THE CROOKED GLASS

Bored with square pictures? Want to change the shape of your wife – or tell her she's really dotty? Pictures don't have to be square. The camera lens is round, so is the image it produces. Only the aperture touching the film determines the shape of the negative – you can put the negative in the enlarger and produce whatever shape you fancy. Here are some ideas by John Nope.



AROUND picture was made but it seemed somewhat pointless until printed through a heat resistant plate and from this beginning other shapes and treatments began to appear. Having printed one negative through glass, what better way to continue but through sheets of obscured glass. A piece had lain in the garage for years after some building repairs and other pieces about twelve inches square were borrowed from a nearby builders' merchant's yard. A glass with diamond patterns made a startling transformation to a negative of a coloured model. The result – the first naturist club with a lift? A curved, oblong pattern made an ordinary picture of the kneeling model into a chain wire fence screen, hardly a deterrent to a Peeping Tom.

But the most extraordinary effect was achieved by printing a negative through a glass sheet giving an all-over swirl effect, although the final result became a familiar oblong, albeit the pattern reducing the straight edges of the print. Ever used rub-down mechanical tints? That's a name for sheets of millions of tiny dots



used in graphics and artwork for achieving a half tone effect in line drawings. If you can lay your hands on a sheet, smooth it onto a sheet of plain glass and print a negative with the tint in contact with the bromide paper. Very fine dots will hardly be seen; at the other end coarse screening will make the subject hard to discern. A sheet with 28 dots to the inch was found suitable for the picture of the girl with a ball, and the final shape was enhanced by making it oval.

Finally, a few experiments with 'transparent' materials other than plain or obscured glass. The hexagon print was made by using a mist vignette filter next to the enlarger lens, instead of the normal practice of having it on the camera lens. And a completely different material – the mesh of part of a pair of tights used as a 'filter', in one instance held flat to the bromide paper by a sheet of clear glass, and then giving an aura of mysterious softness, by printing the negative of the reclining model with the material stretched over the lens.

The possibilities are endless – why don't you have a go?

Discovering Secrets Beneath the Water

WHY snorkel? We all enjoy a splash or a swim in the sea to cool off when we are hot, but without a mask you cannot see what is below the surface and you miss the beauty of the undersea life. If you snorkel you can enjoy the magic of life in the sea, and it is truly magical. 70% of the world's surface is covered by sea and it is teeming with life.

Three years ago Glen (my wife), and I joined an H & E Holiday party to Bol on the island of Brac in Yugoslavia, a memorable holiday. The sea was warm and crystal clear. I spent most of my time snorkelling and saw two things I'd never seen previously and I've snorkelled and scuba-dived for over 20 years.

One afternoon, all the swimmers quickly returned to the beach, driven there, so they said, by a shoal of jellyfish. Glen and I put on masks and fins and set off to look at the intruders. It was a fairly large shoal of smallish jellyfish, but as we could see underwater we just swam around and between them.

Then we noticed fish, dozens of them all having 'jelly' for tea. The fish were coming from all directions and were nibbling away at the jellyfish's tentacles. As the last trace of tentacle disappeared the fish then started to nibble away at the poor old jellyfish's canopy and then all of a sudden buoyancy was lost and the jellyfish sank to the seabed where assorted flatfish polished it off. This was happening to jellyfish for as far as we could see.

Another interesting sight fairly close to the beach and about 12 feet down on the sandy bottom was a group of five murex bolinus brandaris linne precariously perched on top of a circular column of eggs and still laying them. The column was about 6 inches tall when we first found them and they were still laying eggs two weeks later when we left Bol. The shells of these molluscs were between 4 and 5 inches long and were the source of the Royal Purple dye much beloved by Roman nobility 2,000 years ago. In fact, heaps of crushed murex shells can still be found in many parts of Italy.

Meandering with a mask

Of course, you don't need to snorkel to watch the underwater life. If you have a mask you can swim along and except for when you want to breathe you can look underwater. Don't forget you do not breathe through your nose whilst wearing a mask. Lifting your head to breathe



'There's more underwater than you'd ever imagine.'

through your mouth overworks your neck muscles, whereas if you had a snorkel you could just lay flat on the water in comfort.

The advantage of a pair of fins is that finning is nowhere near as tiring as normal swimming, but never go further out to sea than you can swim without fins; you could lose a fin and may have to get back without one.

The choice of a mask is all important. They cost between £12 and £25 and the main point is to make sure you buy one that fits. To do this, place the mask of your choice on your face; with your hand hold it in position and very lightly breathe in through your nose. Take your

hand away and the vacuum effect caused by breathing in through your nose should hold the mask in position; shake your head a few times to confirm this. Be prepared to catch the mask if it should fall off and do not hesitate to try another one of the same make, manufacturing tolerances are such that another mask could be a perfect fit.

When you go in the water with your new mask ensure there are no hairs between the mask and your skin otherwise capillary action along a hair will lead to the mask filling up with water. It is not unusual for some water to get into a mask and you should be able to clear it without a problem as follows:

With one hand hold the top of the mask firmly against your forehead, then gently exhale through your nose into the mask. The resultant air pressure should force any water out of the bottom of the mask. Spend a little time practising clearing your mask in your depth, then if there is a problem you can stand up. You should be able to clear a mask very quickly whereas it may take a little longer to ensure it is demisted. When you enter the water fill your mask and leave it full of seawater for a minute or two, then empty it and spit on the inside of the glass, spread the spittle all over the glass, give the mask a quick rinse in the sea and put it on.

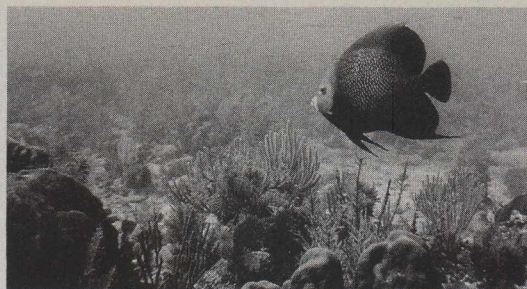
Snap on a snorkel

When you buy a snorkel buy a plain straight forward one that is comfortable in your mouth, do not get one with a pingpong ball in a cage on top of it as if you duck dive it's possible the ball will distort and block the snorkel. When, not if, you have water in your snorkel a quick hard exhalation will blow it out.

With the snorkel in your mouth your lips should be around the outside of the mouthpiece and your teeth should grip the two rubber lugs inside the mouthpiece. You should not get any water in your mouth and you should not have to hold it so hard that your jaws ache.

There is usually a rubber 'clip' to fasten the tube to the strap of your mask but you may prefer, as most of us do, to tuck it under the mask strap. When you lay flat on the water the snorkel tube should protrude by about 75 to 125 mm above the surface. Do not look straight downwards as if you do you may fill your snorkel with water, the best position is to look forward and downwards. Try it whilst in your depth, it's easy. A snorkel can cost between £3.65 and £20.

Some people go to nudist beaches for the people-watching; others prefer to discover subterranean pleasures. Snorkelling is a cheap and easy way to enjoy a fascinating underwater world – and it's easy once you know how! By Doug Taylor.



'Didn't I meet you beneath the Adriatic?'





Exciting snorkelling off Zlatni Rat, Brac island.

Incidentally, if you wear spectacles you can have the mask modified to suit your prescription.

Fun with fins

A pair of fins can cost between £9 and £24, they can be plain or slotted for extra power and can be designed like a shoe into which you fit your foot or may be shoelike at the front with a heel strap. Mine are fairly simple, shoelike (no straps) and no slots.

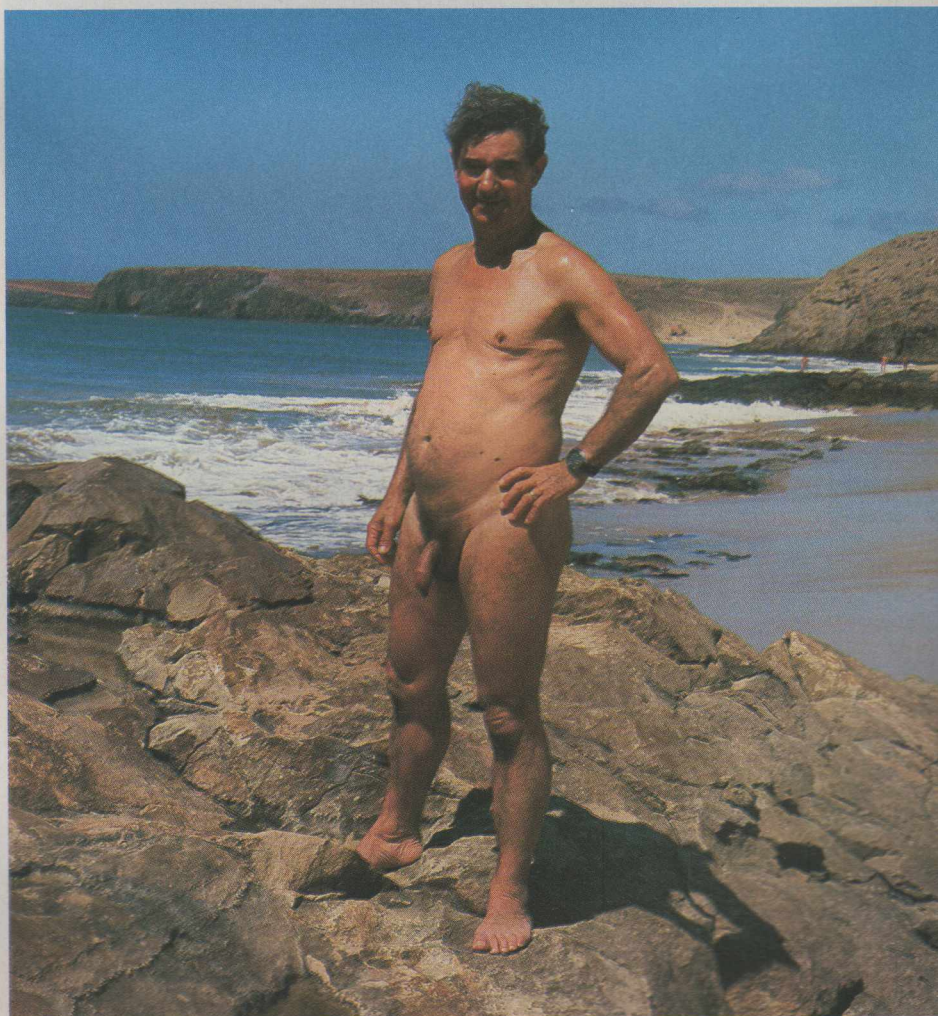
When you buy a pair put them on and shake your foot. They should be a tight fit, you do not want them to fall off in the sea, but they should not hurt your foot.

It would also be useful to have a pair that are positively buoyant, then if one does fall off it will float on the surface.

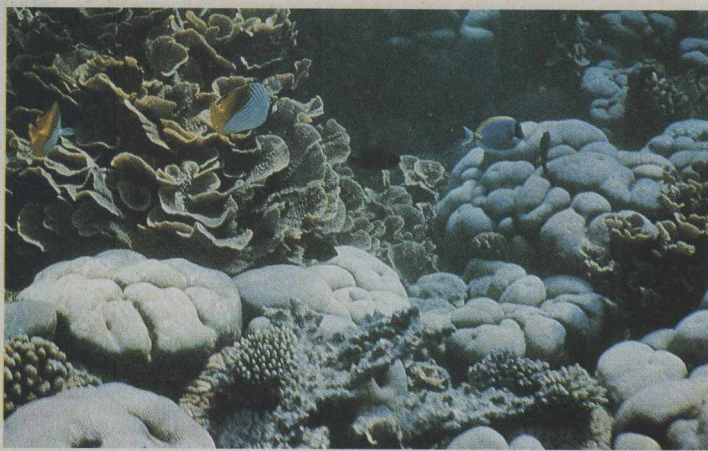
As you go along remember you are not riding a bicycle, your legs should be kept as straight as possible with the minimum amount of knee bending, you want steady, unhurried strokes and should not let your legs come out of the water. You do not have to stay face downwards so try rolling on your side and also on your back.

Dive like a duck

In a very short space of time you will find you are looking through your mask, breathing through your snorkel and moving forward at a quite reasonable speed and all this without any tension or strain. Then you will probably want to dive down and have a closer look at the seabed, you will want to duck dive and to do it without splashing and frightening the fish.



Writer Doug surveying the scene off Lanzarote's shoreline.



It's another world, down there!



Glen starts to snorkel.



Glen goes snorkelling on an H & E fish picnic!



These beaches are often teeming with life!



Snorkelling is so popular, masks are almost fashion accessories!

To begin with do not wear fins and snorkel, just your mask. Swim steadily forward, take a deep breath and with your arms pull downwards bending your body down from the hips and as you become 'L' shaped lift up your legs to line them up with the rest of your body. You should glide gently to the bottom. If it's all splash and turbulence and you do not dive down it could be because you took too deep a breath so try again without overfilling your lungs. It will not take you long to master this dive and then as you reach the bottom you'll be able to study fish, crabs, shells, and all the other denizens of the seabed.

Once you find you can duck dive without difficulty continue, still in your depth but with snorkel and fins and practice clearing your snorkel for it will be full of water when you return to the surface – one quick exhalation should clear it and if it doesn't, just spit the snorkel out and breath through your mouth.

Now too, you should stop using your arms to pull you down. Just bend down from the waist and at the same time lift up your legs and down you will go and as you become more expert you will be able to fin along the bottom.

Pinch out the pain

You may find your ears start to hurt when you are about 3 metres down. If they do pinch your nose between thumb and forefinger and try and blow out through your nose. The nose can be gripped through most makes of mask.

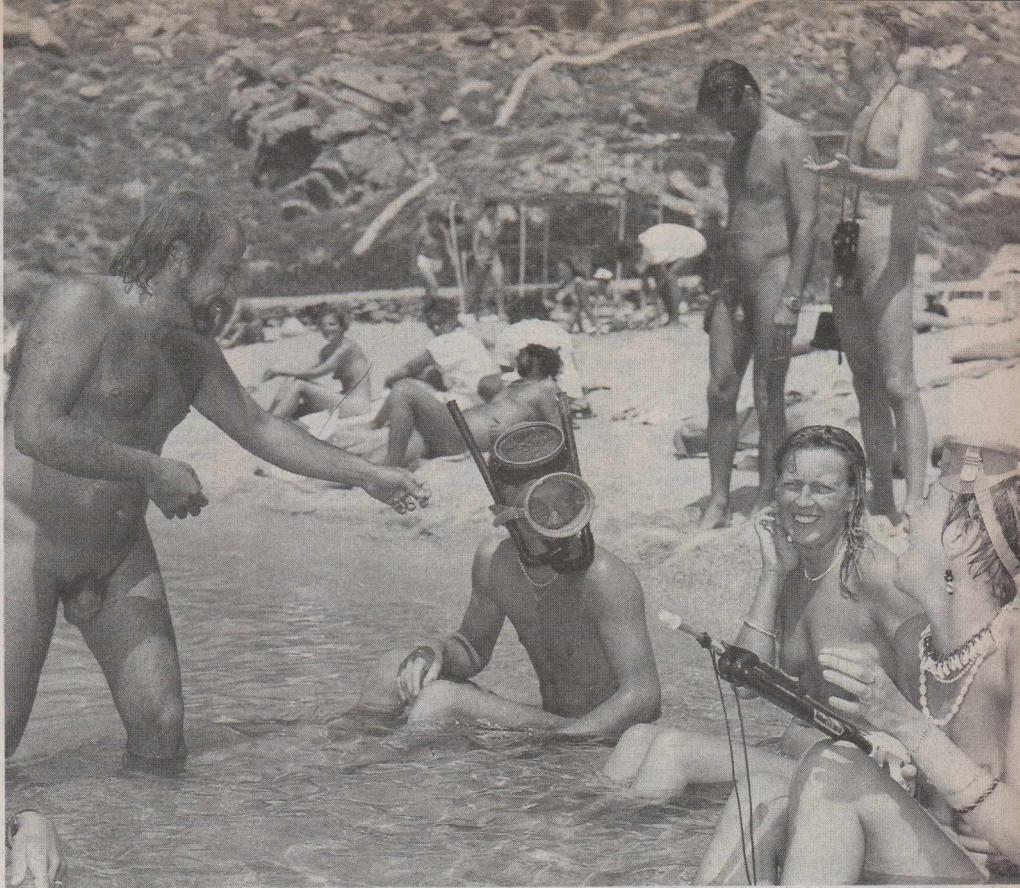
The cause of the pain is pressure on your eardrums and if swallowing and blowing through your pinched nose does not 'clear your ears' and relieve the

pain then return to the surface. It's exactly the same sort of pain you can get in a climbing aircraft or even an express train going through a tunnel. Too much pressure could burst an eardrum.

On the surface attempt to clear your ears and then if they have cleared, try again. If they will not clear, see a doctor, your ears may be full of wax. A few more don'ts. Do not use earplugs as water pressure could force them deep into your ears; do not attempt to dive if you have a cold and finally do not take a number of very quick deep breaths. If you do, this will get more oxygen into your lungs, but could result in you becoming unconscious underwater. It is known as hyperventilation.

It's never too late to try!

Snorkelling should be fun. I learnt when I was in my forties and went on to scuba diving. Now I'm in my sixties and still enjoy it, snorkelling I mean. My wife was in her forties when she learnt and if we can do it anyone can. If you should be so lucky as to go to a coral island, may I suggest the men wear something, as parrot fish bite off projecting bits of coral with one quick snap – what they might do to a man is unthinkable.



'Everyone's doing it nowadays.'



INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3, 2600 Berchem/
Antwerpen, Belgium.

ARGENTINA

National Organisation: Cristian Vogt, Av.
Coronel Diaz 2277/11'E, 1425 Buenos
Aires, Argentina.

AUSTRALIA

International Organisation: Australian
Nudist Federation, Mrs. Mary Weston,
11 Cheltenham Street, Newcomb 3219,
Australia.

Adelaide Sunlovers Resort, P.O. Box 160,
Aldgate, S. Australia 5154.

River Island Nature Retreat, PO Box 456,
Mittagong, NSW, Australia 2575.

Sydney Social & Sun Group, PO Box 285,
Petersham, NSW, Australia 2049.

AUSTRIA

National Organisation: De NV, Possinger-
gasse 65, 1160 Wien.

BELGIUM

National Organisation: Federation Belge
de Naturisme, Clos du Chemin Creux
4/13, 1030 Bruxelles.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020
Antwerpen.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Phoebus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat
44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Club Belvedere, La Coul, 152, 4580
Aubel.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite
40, B-4410 Vottem.

BRAZIL

National Organisation: Ass. Naturista do
Brasil, Caixa Postal 7550, 80.000 Curitiba.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council
for British Naturism (CCBN), Assurance
House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, North-
ampton.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110
Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone,
Kent.

Apollo Sun Club, c/o 53 Sheppeys, Hay-
wards Heath, Sussex.

The Arcadians, Greenglades, Blind Lane,
Billericay, Essex.

Ashdene, c/o 14 Elm Avenue, Sowerby
Bridge, West Yorks HX6 2HU.

Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec
Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

Blackthorns Sun Club, c/o Ian Slater, 47
Rosamund Road, Bedford.

**Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club
and Holiday Centre,** Matchams Drive,
Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop
Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath,
West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road,
Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle
Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Charnwood Acres Country Club, Mark-
field Road, Ratby, Leicester.

Far West Sun Club, c/o The Moorings,
Lower Middle Hill, Pensilva, Liskeard,
Cornwall.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket
Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

CLUB

Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.

Hastings Sun Club, Hides, Westfield,
Hastings, East Sussex.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane,
Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove,
Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close,
Coventry.

London Health and Sauna Club, Seymour
Hall, Seymour Place, London W1.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge,
Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Pendale Sun Club, Brighthouse, W. Yorks,
c/o 4 Lower Hall Drive, Hightown,
Liversedge, West Yorks, WF15 6PB.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood,
Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale,
Blackburn, Lancs.

Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree',
Inchmurrin Island, Balmaha, Glasgow
G63 0JY.

Sheplegh Court Naturist Hotel, Black-
awton, Totnes, Devon.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North
Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

South Yorkshire Sun Club (S.Y.S.C.), c/o
Gallimannry, Treswell Road, South
Leveton, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.

Spieplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St.
Albans, Herts. Tel: 0923 672126.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road,
West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

Surrey Downs Club, Membership Secre-
tary, PO Box 75, Woking, Surrey GU22
7XB.

Valerian Sun Club, c/o 'Lingwood', 33
Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Naturist Club, Crin Cottage,
Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

Yorkshire Sun Society, c/o 50 Warehouse
Close, Bransholme, Hull HU7 6AY.

RECREATIONAL CHARITY

Naturist Foundation, Naturist Headquar-
ters, Orpington BR5 4ET. Orpington
71200.

Branches (enjoy use of naturist Founda-
tion Grounds):
Bexley Sun Society
Bromley Sun Society
Croydon Sun Society
North London Sun Society
South London Sun Society

OTHER CLUBS

Berkshire Sun and Leisure, Freepost,
Bracknell RG12 1BR.

Chester Naturist Club, c/o 31 Market
Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, Manor Lane,
Fawkham, Kent DA3 8ND.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood,
St. Albans.

North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon-
shire.

Sunfolk Society, c/o 10 Pomfret Avenue,
Hart Hill, Luton, Beds LU2 0JL.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy,
Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Torbay Sun Club, Avian Nook, 7 Welles-
ley Road, Torquay, Devon.

Woodlands Club, Fillingley, Coventry,
West Midlands.

OFFICIAL BEACHES

Ardeer Beach, Ayrshire, Scotland. About
one mile south of the town's main beach,
separated by a promontory.

Cleats Shore, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scot-
land. At the southernmost tip of the
island.

Fraithorpe Sands, Bridlington, York-
shire. Two miles south of main town
beach.

Gunton Sands, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One
mile north of Lowestoft, off B1385.

Leysdown East Beach, Isle of Sheppey,
Kent. Half a mile to the east of the town.

Long Rock Beach, Swalecliffe, Whitstable,
Kent. Behind the recreation ground, a
mile east of the main town beach.

Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex. A good
mile's walk to the east of Hastings.

Brighton, East Beach, Sussex. A short
distance to the east of the main town
promenade.

Polgaver Beach, St. Austell, Cornwall. At
east end of Carlyon Bay.

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western
Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O.
Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

Toronto Helios Society, RR1 Sharon,
Ontario. Tel: (416) 473-2462.

FQN, 4545 Pierre-de-Coubertin, C.P.
1000, Succ. M, Mtl, Que. H1V 3SW,
Montreal, Quebec.

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Naturist
Union (DNU), c/o Ella Pihl, Fuglebak-
kevej 103, DK-2200 Copenhagen N,
Denmark.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Fran-
caise de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la
Chaussee d'Antin, Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details
from the above) that we are just listing the
naturist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

La Herpinere, 49730 Montsoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-
Bourg.

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.

Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat,
Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene
Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard
Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Cla-
pieres,' 05100 Briancon.

Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.

**Domaine Naturiste International 'La
Romegas,'** Mme Schillemans, 26170
Buisles-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisson-
nier, 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

Club du Soleil de Nice-Lèvens, La Gor-
hetta, 06720 Levens.

Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduiere,
83830 Callas.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezay, 84410
Bedoin.

Plages des Templiers, M. Jacques Guer-
rier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-
Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine
Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B. P.
no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de
la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejjannes-le-Clap, 30710
Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-
Champclos, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranee, Serignan
Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bose, Octon, 34800 Clermont-
l'Herauld.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le
Fiscalou, Puyelsi 81140, Castelnau de
Montmiral.

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,'
Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.

Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique
Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-
Tech.

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230
Prats-de-Mollo.

La Sesquiere, Vieux, 81140 Castelnau de
Montmiral.

IN CORSICA:

Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36,
20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera,
La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao
Pietra-Di-Verde.

Le Moulin, 20210, Port-Vecchio.



You can be a lone naturist ...

DIRECTORY

We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or international reply coupon.

Please note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds:

GERMANY

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites – with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittün/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamberg 63, Overn Barg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheydt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar e.V. Sarrbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirch-Feriengeleände Schönrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

Bfl Sonnenland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

GREECE

National Organisat: Hellenic Naturist Federation – Secretariat 6, Filomilas Str., GR 145 65 EKALI, Greece.

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 783, 3500 AT Utrecht. Visiting address: 20 Janskerhof, Utrecht. Tel. (030) 328810.

There is a special division of NFN where one can obtain information, brochures and entrance conditions of the affiliated naturist clubs: Commissie Voorlichting NFN, P.O. Box 103, 2700 AC Zoetermeer, Holland.

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.

For details write to Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

Club Aquarius & Naturist Information Centre, Both at 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.

Cork Naturist Club, PO Box 6, Middleton, Co. Cork.

Northern Outdoor Association, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UX.

ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

FeNalt, Giuseppe Ghirardelli, Via Ciro Menotti 31-3 I-20129 Milano, Italy.

IVORY COAST

National Organisation: FIN, Club de Soleil d'Abidjan, II Boite postale 1218, Abidjan II, Cote d'Ivoire.

LUXEMBOURG

National Organisation: LNL, BP 1626, 1016 Luxembourg 1.

MOROCCO

SCI Le Soleil, c/o Lt. Col. Landrin, 15 rue des Tuileries, Casablanca, Morocco.

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand Naturist Federation, P.O. Box 957, Auckland, New Zealand.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189, Sentrum-N0102 Oslo 1, Norway.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306 Lisbon.

SOUTH AFRICA

National Organisation: SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326 Warubaths 0480, South Africa.

SPAIN

National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

Club Catala de Naturisme, Mallorca, 221, 3er, 2a, 08008 Barcelona.

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314, Malmö.

SWITZERLAND

UNS, Secretary: Adolf Rebsamen, Honeggweg 6, P.O. Box 85, CH 3138 Uetendorf.

USA

Two National Organisations: American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32743, USA.

National Nudist Council, POB 953, Hightstown, NJ 08520, USA.



Or just find a few select friends.

CONTACT ORGANISATIONS

Network International Coordinators, 55 Broadsands Drive, Alverstoke, Hants, Gosport, Hants. PO12 2SB.

Run for the benefit of all naturists who are interested in other people and their way of life. Accepting bona fide naturist couples and ladies, at present to expand world members list.

NATURIST GUIDEBOOKS

The following are particularly useful:

Free Sun by Phil Vallack. £5 mail order from Phil Vallack, 16 Viewbank, Hastings, Sussex.

Naturist Guide-book, £3.50 mail order from Coast & Country Publications, 3 Mayfield Avenue, Scarborough, North Yorkshire, YO12 6DF.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WORLDWIDE NEWSLETTER. The latest from the Naturist Front. Only \$4.00 a year. U.S.A. For information write to Postbox 281 Waddinxveen, Holland.

Costa Natura apartment to rent, sleeps 4. Two balconies, £135 per week. U.K. owner. Tel: 01049-511602921, evenings and weekends.

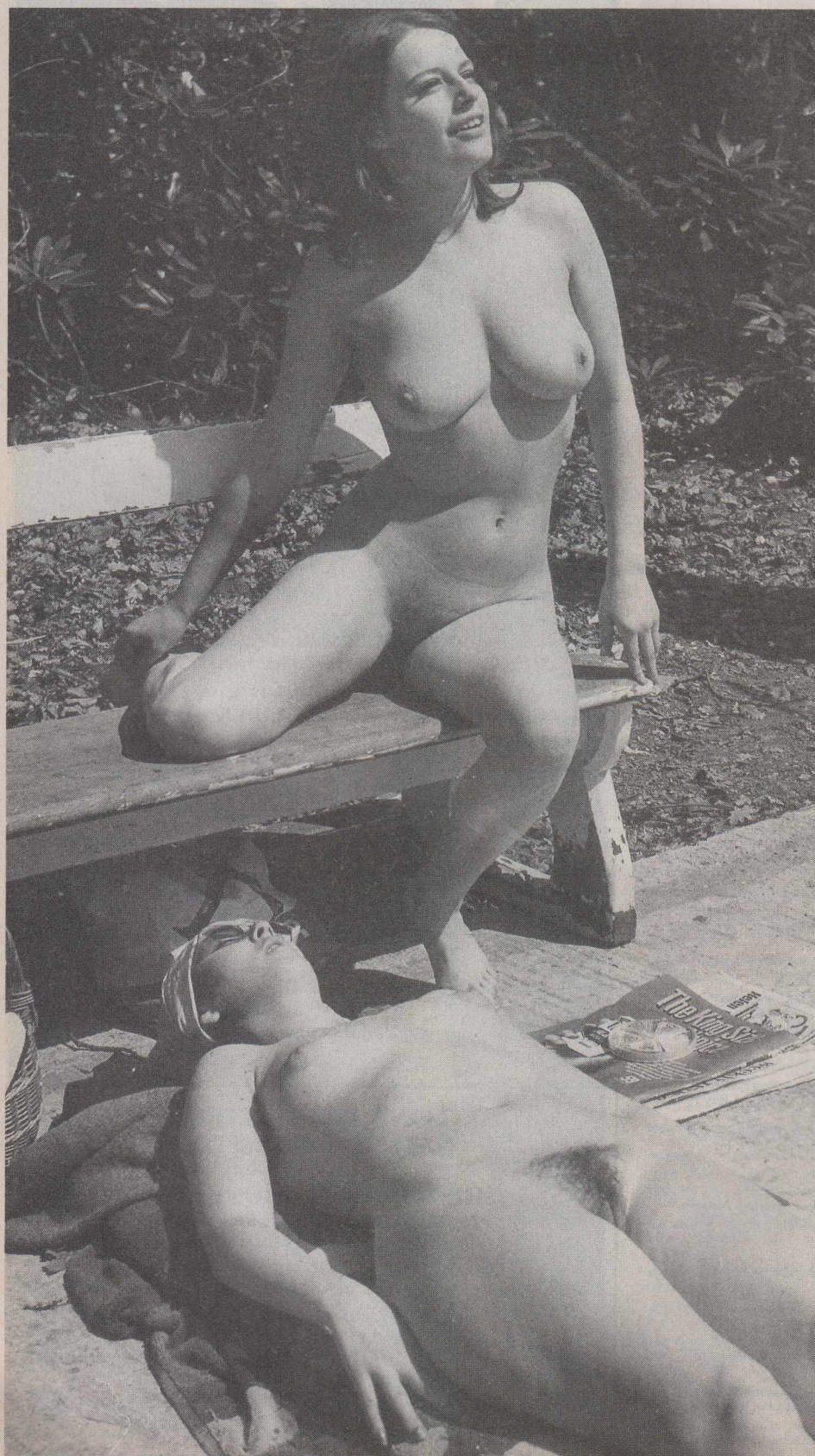
BRITAIN'S MOST EXTENSIVE NATURIST FACILITIES are provided by THE NATURIST FOUNDATION

which is registered as a National Recreational Charity:
All-year-round enjoyment for people in and around Greater London (priority to young people and families).
Holiday sites for campers and caravanners living further afield.
ALL are invited to subscribe in support of our general work for the public benefit.

Stamps for details or £2.50 for comprehensive handbook "Naturism in Britain", to:

**HELEN JONES, NATURIST HEADQUARTERS
ORPINGTON BR5 4ET**

NUDGE, NUDGE- Know What I Mean?



EVEN in 1987 the same hoary jokes and stultified inbred ideas persist about naturism from those on the outside never really looking into it. Rather like being tall – 'Is it cold up there?', or 'Blimey, how tall's your girlfriend?' – the naturist has to put up with the same asinine wit. 'Don't you catch cold?', 'Do you recognise each other when you meet with your clothes on?'; 'Is it all right, you know – nudge nudge – for a bit of the other?' And the question most asked by men, 'Will I get an erection?'

'Probably not,' I reply. 'Bigger pricks than you have been naturists for years.'

Much of what today's naturists have to endure was implanted in the public's mind over the last fifty years, when the Victorian era had lost its grip and society was groping (society has always groped) towards the liberated sixties. Yet, still today, when page 3 girls are as commonplace as sex on television, with bare boobs and couples having explicit sex on screen, the *nudist camp* is still very much the stand up comic's stock in trade for a cheap laugh, together with mothers in law, seaside landladies and the tax inspector. We have all come across the closed mentality, the sniggering behind closed doors of the mind attitude to naturism.

For a lot of public attitudes, though, naturism has only itself to blame. They were reflected in the earlier years of this very publication. Naturism was made middle class and arty. An esoteric wall was carefully built up around it to such an extent that the general public thought of us as 'barmy' or 'potty'. 'Um, he's a *naturist*, you know. Er, prances about in the buff at weekends at *one of those camps*... his wife and children go, too. I mean, *they are awfully nice*, but I don't think I'd care to do that sort of thing, would you?'

At the other end of the social spectrum the language was less inhibited. 'You know, her with the big knockers. Sally wotsername, the Guvner's secretary? Yeah, well, she's a *noodist*. Know what I mean? Yeah, at it every weekend. I mean, you're not telling me she goes and takes her clothes off in this bleedin' wevver for fun? Got to be a bit of the old how's your father, hasn't there?'

In the fifties I sat and squirmed in a cinema watching an X certificated film about a nudist camp. Everyone spoke rather like the late Joyce Grenfell; so desperately middle class. 'Oh, Susan, how good to see you here again, and

The rest of the world seems to think that naturists are either a bunch of limp loonies who run naked in the morning dew – or a secretive society of swingers and sex maniacs. And if we were honest, many of us had similar notions – before we tried it for ourselves. Maurice Richards looks at what it's like to be on the outside looking in.



Definitely paradise island for them – but what do the rest of them think?

who's your friend?'

Susan's friend was just as frightfully naïve. I'm almost sure her name was Daphne. The audience sat on the edge of their seats anticipating as the girls went into their chalet and began undressing. They were both utterly self-conscious and nervous. That started the titters. Then, the line. 'Daphne, let us go and join the others for a game of tennis...'. Uproar. The bloke sitting next to me nearly wet himself.

The whole thing was a set up. 'Daphne' and 'Susan' were no more naturalists than I am Queen of the May. It was a clever commercial ploy to use naturism as a plank to show nudity and get around the Lord Chamberlain's censoring prerogative.

What baffles me is that old attitudes are still so firmly entrenched at a time when topless sun bathing and swimming all over Europe no longer cause

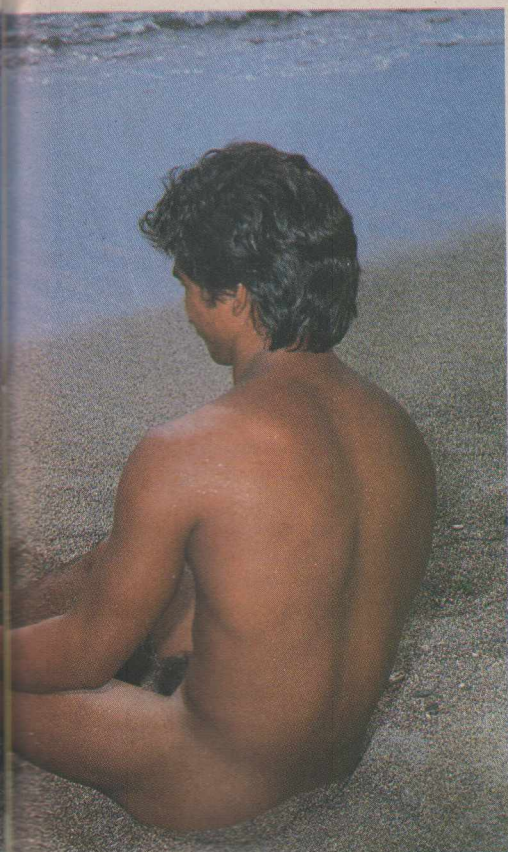
the slightest twitch of an eyebrow on public beaches. Yet, going the whole hog, lifting the seventh veil, makes some people behave in a most extraordinary manner.

The non-naturist thinks – if he thinks about naturism much at all – as something rather daring. A golden excuse for promiscuity, especially when he sees some of the shapely ladies who grace our pages. What never occurs to him is that nudists are plain, everyday, ordinary people, just like him who like the natural freedom of moving about in a healthy environment naked. There is no 'message'. No 'look at clever little us'. Not these days. In nine cases out of ten the outsider would love to become one of us, but he is still suffering from what Freud described as the post-Victorian hangover. The repression of so-called 'respectability'. He or she, if they are over 35, will still bear the stamp of the

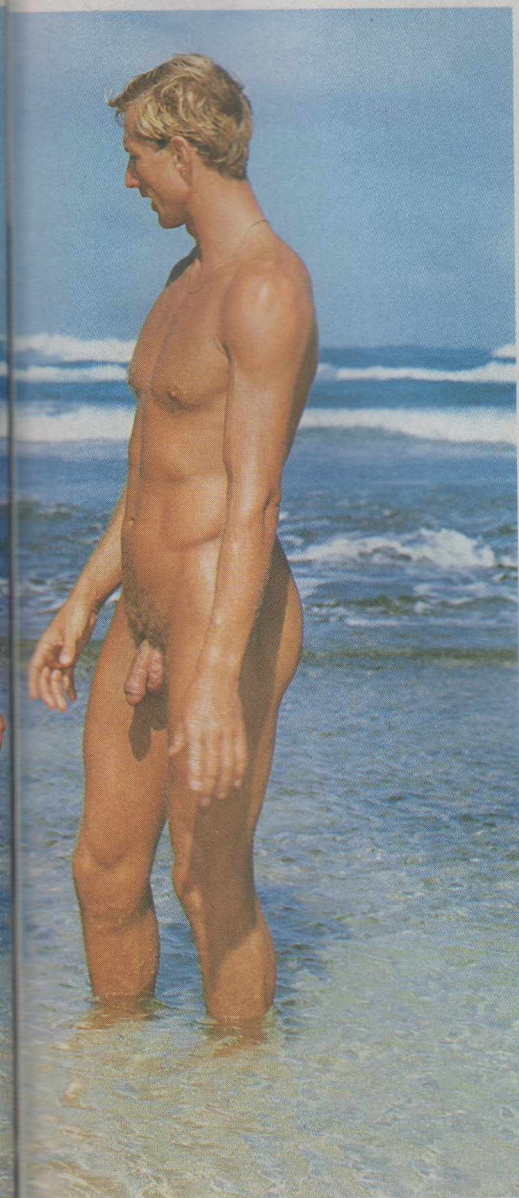


Others may snigger – but do





you think these people care?



Scout movement. It was its founder, Lord Baden Powell, who uttered the following words of wisdom. 'In my view it is every scout's duty to keep himself fit both in mind and body. He should take plenty of long walks, as well as cold showers to ward off the secret vice.'

His Lordship meant *lust*, but the subject was too delicate in those days for him to be more explicit.

I was brought up very much in that kind of environment. Sex was never mentioned, either in the house or at school. Sex, and the human body, were considered 'dirty'. One lived permanently on the brink of embarrassment about it all. I became a naturist quite by accident. It happened in Hudson Heights, one of the posh commuter outlying districts of Montreal, on a broiling summer's day over 30 years ago. I was working my way through

college by selling magazine subscriptions during the summer vacation. I came across this large clapboard house sheltered by maple trees, the garden of which looked out on to a lake. The lady of the house took an order for *Canadian Home Journal* from me – 'I don't really need it, but I like to help a college kid. I was one myself once' – and when I told her how much I admired her house and the locale she laughed and said. 'It's too hot to work. I have to go into Montreal to meet my husband; we're going out to dinner to-night – but why don't you stay and swim. My German maid spends her afternoons in the lake this weather.'

I thanked her and said I would be delighted. She left, and as I heard the car drive off I realised, with dismay, that I had no costume. I walked through the house to the back porch and cursed my luck, standing there in my shirtsleeves

looking at the cool, welcoming idyll. There was a movement behind me and a flaxen-haired girl about my own age appeared in a black swimsuit which showed off her magnificent figure. She was tall, and very athletically built, and naturally composed. 'Well, why do you wait?' she smiled, in slightly accented English.

'I have not got a swimming costume, and I can't very well start looking in the bedrooms, going through the drawers, can I?'

'No' she agreed emphatically, her eyebrows raising themselves a little quizzically. 'But why is it necessary?'

'Well ...'

'You are ashamed, I think?'

'NO I'M NOT!' I roared, my face flushing beetroot red, giving my embarrassment away.

'I have the solution,' she said, turning and walking away from me to the foot of a spruce tree by the small jetty. She

crossed her hands in front of her, with her back to me, and the costume came off in a trice. 'So, that will make us even, I think,' she called over her shoulder as she dived in.

Oh my God! I had been put on the spot. My first instinct was to turn and run and get the hell out of there, but something stayed my hand. What was I making such a hell of a fuss about? I looked around. The conifers were still in the heat. There was complete silence, save for outbursts of birdsong and the hum of traffic from the distant freeway. Feeling utterly self-conscious and very foolish I undressed on the porch and trotted out of the shadows under the hot sun over the burning mown grass. The wood of the landing stage blistered the soles of my feet. No time to demur, to stand about and ponder. I dived in.

I surfaced not far from the *Lorelei*, as I had already nicknamed her to myself. The cold water, the feeling of freedom;

of swimming in the skin, was like nothing I had experienced before. I felt a curious elation. Not particularly sexual, but of wanting to savour the moment. One I knew I would forever look back on.

Well, there's not much else to tell. We didn't make love under the trees. As I remember we lay on our backs just talking of home, passing each other the sun oil. And then I went. I don't even recall her name. And when I was back in Canada last summer I tried to find that house, out along the lakeshore, but of course I didn't. I don't think I was supposed to.

'Will I get an erection?' the man in the pub asked me last week, as he gazed at a copy of *H & E*, looking at the sun-kissed lovelies.

I sighed and shrugged. He would never become part of the naturist movement. That much was plain. But why should I destroy his fantasies?

Two nudists – having a jolly good time.







Doesn't everybody go naked when they go abroad?



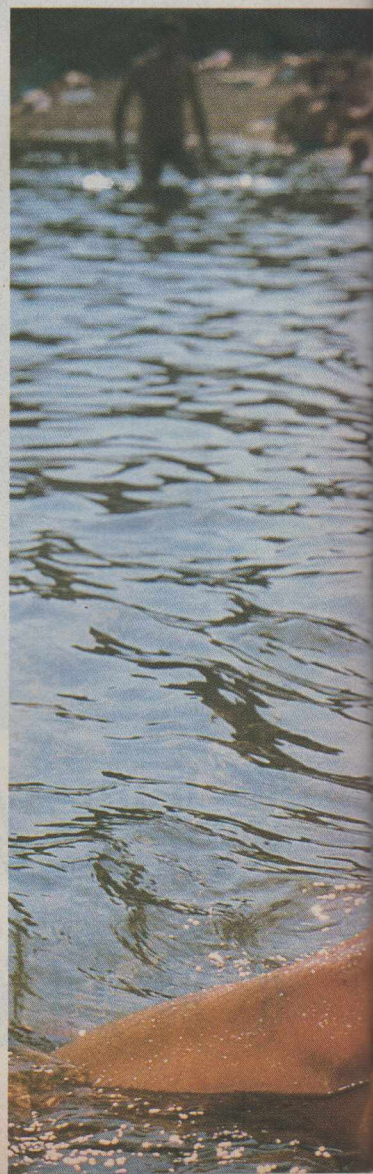
SPEAKING OUT OF LINE?

Yvette Ranklin thinks we should tell the world we're naturists. What have we got to be afraid of? Colleagues? Relatives? Probably not as bad as we think! She wants naturism to become accepted everywhere – but has misgivings about the attitudes of some nudists.



IT does naturism no good at all when people are shy about admitting it. One reason is because if it does eventually come out in the open (and it usually does), you're going to look a bit of a fool, and feel embarrassed. Secondly, it just helps to foster the idea that naturism is something we should be embarrassed about.

I know it isn't easy. Perhaps you feel your career prospects would be damaged if they discovered you took your clothes off for pleasure. Although this is unlikely. In most cases, you'd probably get your leg pulled, but not much more. Of course, if you were caught in the unfortunate position of one policeman recently, you would suffer. This particular PC was so worried about his work that he sleepwalked naked into his office to check up on some files. When his sergeant discovered him, he was rudely awakened. As his superior said, there will be no action taken against him, but he will have his leg pulled for the rest of his service as a policeman and that could be 30 years. Especially as the news got into





'Isn't it wonderful when others don't make you feel like an outcast for wanting to go naked?'





the papers! Still, police are not known for their broadminded views and in other companies, if you said you took your trunks off on the beach, not much is going to happen.

If you told your parents or maiden aunts they may take a dim view of your leisure pursuits. Maybe you omit to mention it to them for the sake of a quiet life. Although often you'd be surprised at people's reactions. The very people you think would disapprove are likely as not to say, 'Oh, that's nothing. When I was a young lass 50 years ago we always used to go swimming in the nude' or something like that.

Whilst I don't go on about naturism, it often comes up in conversation. I never cop out. What is really nice, is when people say, as they tend to more and more nowadays, 'Oh, doesn't everybody, when they go abroad?', or 'I wanted to go to a naturist beach when I was in France last year but my husband wouldn't come with me'. This at least shows that people are accepting the idea even if they're not keen.

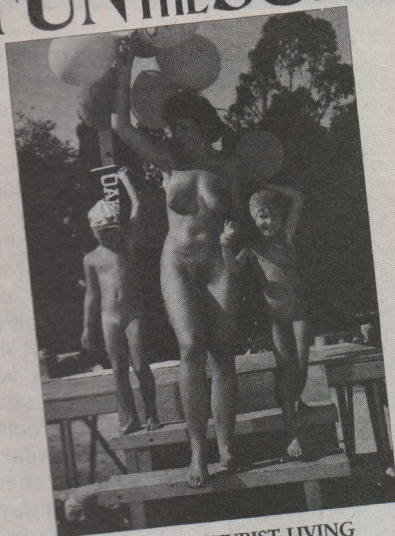
I would like to see naturism becoming really accepted. However, part of the reason why it isn't is, I believe, because naturists themselves like to feel they're doing something different. If everybody went naked, many naturists would insist on wearing clothes.

Or am I speaking out of line?

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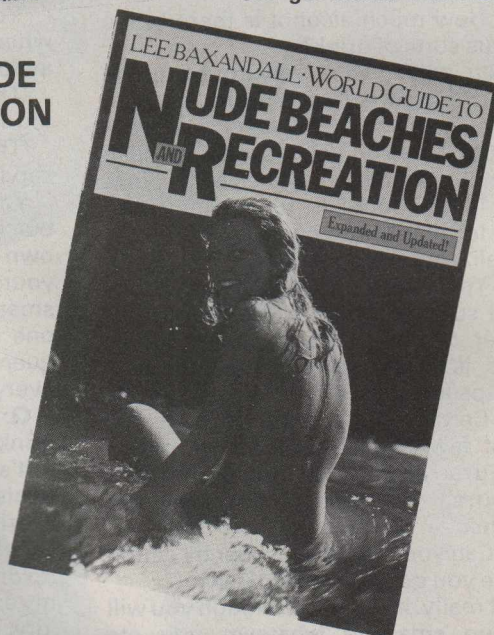
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DRIVEN TO DRINK?

I WAS recently asked by an acquaintance going on a touring trip through several European countries if I could help her out. She was visiting nine countries all told in her 7-week tour, finishing with 10 days at a Free Beach in Western France. Could I, she wanted to know, provide her with a list of the drink-driving limits operating in the various countries she intended to pass through. And could I make it snappy as she was leaving the following week-end!

I must have been mad but I did as she asked and darned near handed it over before common sense prevailed. Suddenly it dawned on me that my information – though very recent – could have become out of date.

It also assumed that the drink had been drunk by an 11/12-stone male whereas my acquaintance was about 6 st. 12 lb. in the nude. And as if that was not enough, people tend to knock back drinks whose alcohol content is uncertain when they are on holiday. (Until recent years, the alcohol content of some drinks was a trade secret!)

However there are some questions about alcohol which I am willing to answer, together with some opinions which I feel safe to venture. Here are the most common:

Q: Does drinking really make it dangerous to drive? I feel safer when I've had a few . . .

Yes, it is dangerous to drink and drive, though the limits set in most European countries penalise the habitual heavy beer drinker. Drinking slows down your reactions, loosens your co-ordination and blurs your vision. You could well have an accident in such a condition and hurt yourself. Or worse, you could kill someone else.

However, regular heavy beer drinkers tend to be physically massive and would be relatively sober at the legal drink-driving limit whilst conversely, a seven-stone lady unused to drink could be smashed out of her skull on suddenly knocking back the maximum that the law allowed.

Q: Is it safer for men to drink and drive than for women to do so?

Yes, men are much safer after modest amounts of drink than are women. Men are physically more massive than women and so are less affected by the same amount of drink.

Men also have larger internal organs than women and so they process consumed alcohol a little faster. Finally,



men tend to drink more than women and the element of habituation makes them safer behind the wheel.

Q: How much alcohol is there in the various sorts of drink?

I can only give a very rough guide since there is variation from batch to batch, from year to year and from product to product. However British Bitter contains about 3% alcohol, European lager about 5%, table wine about 11%, fortified wines such as Sherry and Madeira around 19% and spirits about 40%. You have to read the label carefully to be sure, or write to the makers for further details in some cases. British lager is often surprisingly weak – perhaps as little as 2.4% alcohol in one case. Certain spirits contain 50% alcohol whilst few people realise how potent liqueurs are. The most common liqueurs, vermouths, contain 20% alcohol.

Q: Can you really stay sober by eating before you go out drinking?

Not really. If you drink enough you will end up smashed whatever you ate before you started drinking. Food just forms a physical barrier which slows the drink down a bit. It is often claimed that greasy foods are best at maintaining sobriety but my own experiments do not bear this out. It could vary from person to person depending on individual metabolism.

Q: Is it true that there are substances you can take to beat the breath test?

Yes – but I don't recommend them. The idea is to chase the alcohol with a chemical with which the alcohol reacts, thus removing it from the system. There are a few things which will do this but the only relatively safe one I have heard of, fructose, reacts so slowly with the alcohol in the system that its use as an

alcohol scavenger is less marked than its ability to give the patient the runs.

Q: How many drinks can I have to be sure of staying within the law?

As a very rough guide, you can have 3½ pints of certain British lagers, 2½ pints of most British bitter beers or milds, 2 pints of European lager, ⅔ or so of a bottle of table wine, ⅓ of a bottle of sherry or ⅙th of a bottle of spirits. However, the figures I have given are for a 14-stone male over about 4 hours. I also assume that the drink was taken on at least a partly filled stomach. A 'bottle' by the by has a precise meaning these days – 750 millilitres!

Q: Is it worth taking a chance with drinking and driving on holiday?

I have heard many persuasive arguments in favour of a 'Yes' answer to this question. 'The roads are all deserted.'

'You can't go faster than 20 m.p.h. where we go because the roads are so awful.'

'The police turn a blind eye to drunken tourists.'

'There is no alternative given the "bus services in our resort".'

You might well get away with it too, but ultimately it comes down to your own conscience. That is, you have to ask yourself if it is morally OK to drive the car smashed knowing full well that someone could die at your hands in consequence? The answer has to be no, every time.

Q: How do you go out for an evening's drinking without driving?

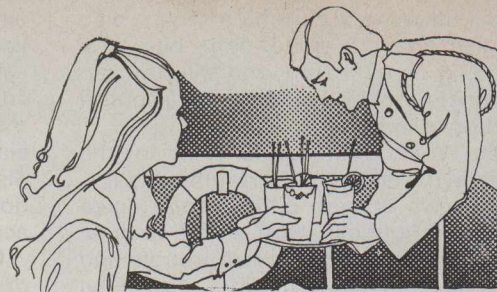
It's easy, particularly on holiday. Organised coach parties, car sharing, taxi sharing, cycle hire (and in some resorts, C5 hire) are safer alternatives. Naturist resorts do tend to be out of town but in my experience, there are few completely 'dry' naturist resorts, however isolated.

Q: Does the naturist ideal prohibit drinking?

From what I can gather, it certainly used to be so. Naturism and human health were closely connected and to this day, keen naturists are sometimes total abstainers, vegetarian or both. (In my opinion, there is no such thing as a drinking vegetarian since all alcoholic drinks feature animal products somewhere along the line.) The link between total abstinence and naturism seemed to vanish during the 1960s but I notice signs of the old attitude returning since about 1982.

Except in the case of diagnosed alcoholics, a little drink – particularly of wine – is beneficial. (Wine contains the

Whatever happens to people the moment they go on holiday? The most sober, serious people turn into raving revellers. Whereas at home they sip the occasional glass of wine or sherry 'to be sociable', once they're abroad they start after breakfast and continue until bedtime. And the things they get up to in the meantime! However, booze is booze and it can lead you down some shady paths and in some dreadful situations if you combine it with driving. Michael Walsh tramples on some popular 'holiday' misconceptions about alcohol.



It's worth finding out exactly what you are being tempted with.

essential mineral chromium. Some also contain cobalt.) A lot of drink, no-one is arguing, is unhealthy and the drunken naturist probably is, therefore, a contradiction in terms.

Q: Which is the safest drink for the holidaymaker – naturist or otherwise?

My own opinion is that long, mixed drinks ('Highballs') are safest both in terms of avoiding stomach trouble and in giving some measure of control to the drinker. In some European countries, notably France, spirit measures are relatively small at a semi-standardised 20 c.c.

In a few countries, notably Greece, they are arbitrary. In Éire, rural Spain, Portugal and throughout South America, they are generous.

Cheap, local wine is best left to the cheap locals; you want a bottle with a label so that if the worse comes to the worst, you know who to blame. There should also be an indication of the

alcohol content. In general, if you don't know what it is, don't drink a lot of it. A sample won't hurt but a skinful could contain congeners your liver has not met before or to which your heart, lungs, kidneys or bladder could take an intense dislike. Ask anyone who sank an overdose of Ouzo or Sambucco on first acquaintance...

Q: Are there any special dangers to drinking on holiday?

On the whole, drinking on holiday tends to be more relaxed and enjoyable than at home. I have been asked this question about a dozen times now and those who asked it turned out to be worried about dirt or germs in drinks bottled at primitive continental bottling plants. All the EEC countries have very strict rules about this sort of thing – no problem. However, most of the things you have heard about the state of the tap water in Spain and Egypt are, unfortunately, quite true. Buy the plastic carriers

of spring or mineral water instead. And don't accept ice in these countries – except in smart hotels it will be made from the local tap water!

One last cautionary note – drink and horses do not mix. Holidaymakers often try horse riding bolstered by a few post-prandial drinks or as a means of beating the breath test. The problem is that horses generally know when they have an idiot perched on their backs and they don't like drunks, it seems. At the equestrian estacion at Tossa De Mar, Spain, the stable hands are said to still talk about the time a party of English youths hired horses and started back to town after an afternoon's riding and drinking in no pain at all. Then, one of them threw away the bottle he had emptied, it landed noisily, the horses all reared and arrived back in Tossa an hour ahead of the bruised, scratched and bleeding riders. Don't let it happen to you!



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